The Outlook

February 13, 1924

Woodrow Wilson

28 December, 1856—3 February, 1924

WOODROW WILSON'S death was the release of an imprisoned spirit. For him life on earth had no more promise. His career had already passed into history.

It is something more than the death of the man who was its leader that has sobered the Nation; it is a new sense of the tragedy of his career.

Less than seven years ago Woodrow Wilson became virtual dictator of the most powerful nation on earth. He was not only President and Commander-in-Chief of the Nation's military and naval forces, but was Executive with almost unlimited powers. By the free consent of the people's representatives in Congress he became the most powerful ruler on earth. Because the future of the nations of the earth depended on the use of this Nation's might, he spoke with unique authority. Alike by friends and enemies, both governments and peoples, what he said was heeded, and by none was it disputed. Then with victory, to which the final and decisive contribution was made by the forces which he commanded, he became for a few months the overtopping figure of the world. Wherever he went in Europe the people received him with something veritably like worship. In the eyes of the millions of many nations he was a divinity with peace and healing in his hands.

And then he fell.

In a few short months all his hopes had crashed to earth. Repudiated at home, blamed abroad for failing to secure the impossible, execrated for having promised what he could not perform, broken in body, disillusioned, he had nothing more to live for, and died darkened in spirit by the failure of his plans but firm in the faith that all that he had done would some day be vindicated.

There was more in this than the tragedy of circumstance. It was a tragedy of soul. He saw as in a vision a new world order of which he was to be the chief artificer. He knew he was not the divinity which the simple folk of Europe thought he was, as he plainly acknowledged, but he was thrilled by the adulation he received. Repeatedly in his speeches he expressed his emotions and sense of exaltation at his high calling. Believing, as he did undoubtedly believe, that he was the instrument of divine Providence in making the world over and establishing an organization of the world incomparably greater than any empire, he was stirred with a great emotion. And with him were stirred many hundreds of thousands. The intensity of this emotion, which was expressed before him in countless ways, he interpreted as proof of the clarity and truth of his vision. As he said, "If it won't work, it must be made to work," and he made it his business "to fight for a new order, agreeably if we can, disagreeably if we must."[1] This led him to two conclusions: first, that all who withstood him in his plans were wicked or stupid enemies of a true and lofty ideal; and, second, that every other aim and purpose must be made subordinate to this one ideal. When, therefore, he fell, he saw the whole world also totter and fall, shattered in ruin. And not he only, but also hosts in this and other lands who had believed in him, believed that idealism was dead, that all governments and prime ministers and senates and diplomatists were greedy, selfish, sordid intriguers, and all that men had fought for, and died for, or lived through the hell of war for, had crumbled to destruction. When, therefore, Woodrow Wilson's career ended months before his death, the curtain dropped on a world tragedy.

This great and tragic career was spanned by less than ten years. It is true that before he took public office he was one of America's distinguished men, but his reputation was won solely by his academic service, particularly as an author of books on government and as President of Princeton University. No other President of the United States has been so distinctively and for such a large proportion of his life an intellectual. Up to the time that he became Governor of New Jersey he took no important active part in politics. He studied law, and for a while practiced it, but gave it up because the practice of law did not interest him much. He was more interested in writing about politics and law than in engaging in either. He did not seem to be interested in the doing side of life. He had little experience in meeting and dealing with men on a basis of equality. In his vocation he met them as teacher. In the presidency of Princeton he was an executive, it is true, but, as in the classroom, he was not dealing with his equals. Though in temperament deeply emotional, he had the habit, the manner, the point of view of the intellectual. It is highly creditable that a democracy like that of the United States should honor, as it has done in the case of Wilson, the intellectual type of man. But, being an intellectual, he had the faults of intellectualism. As Emerson said of Plato, whom he regarded as the greatest mind the world has produced, so it might be said of Wilson, that he was too literary. He seemed to think that when a great truth was said it was almost, if not quite, as good as done. When, for instance, he told Germany that she would be held to strict accountability, he acted as if she was being held accountable. In matters in which his own emotions were not engaged he was a teacher, not a persuader. When, however, his emotions were aroused, he was able by his skillful use of words to direct the emotions of the people. His greatest addresses were those in which he seized upon some emotion, like the love of humanity or a feeling of loyalty to a great cause, and gave it a rhythmic expression in words com-

[1] Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement. Vol. I. By Ray Stannard Baker. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

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monly understood. From his address to Congress calling for a declaration of war with Germany the two phrases, "The world must be made safe for democracy," and, "The right is more precious than peace," are examples of what he did superlatively well. His literary habit was here a good servant which he had at command.

The same academic training, however, that gave him this literary style kept him aloof from the minds of men. He was not an eager recipient of other men's ideas. He meditated his plans much alone. He was resourceful in making contacts with those to whom he wished to convey his ideas, as, for example, in restoring the old custom of delivering the Presidential Messages in person to Congress, but he was not inclined to take others into his confidence or to invite argument. As a consequence, he was surprised by many a turn of events which he might have foreseen if he had been more willing to take counsel of those who did not agree with him.

On the other hand, when he was surprised by some unforeseen turn of events he was almost uncanny in his ability to take advantage of the new situation. When, for example, the adventure at Vera Cruz turned out so badly as to threaten the United States with humiliation because Huerta refused to salute the American flag as had been demanded of him, President Wilson turned the event to good account by accepting the mediation of Argentina, Chile, and Brazil, and thus transformed the whole incident from an exhibition of weakness to a gesture of good will toward all Latin America. So when the Bolsheviki by their surrender at Brest-Litovsk brought President Wilson to acknowledge his disillusionment, he turned the occasion into a stirring appeal to the Nation to employ "force to the utmost, force without stint or limit."

Though it was not until ten months after our entrance into the war that he made this appeal for the use of the Nation's whole might, it must and will never be forgotten that it was under President Wilson as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy that the United States raised an army of four million and sent two million overseas. That would have been impossible if at the outset President Wilson had not supported the bill which established conscription under a wise form of Selective Service. He not only saw that that Army was raised, but was responsible for the measures that provided it with a high and effective morale. If to be the civilian Commander-in-Chief of the greatest extemporized army of civilians that a self-governing country ever created is to be a warrior, then Woodrow Wilson was one of the greatest warriors of history. That fact will be remembered when what he said about it will be forgotten. It was those four million men and the other millions behind them ready to take their places if need should be that made Woodrow Wilson the great figure he was at the peace table. When he spoke for peace, and for his particular method of making peace, he was heeded because the other nations heard in his words the echo of the guns of that vast army of American youth. And no one was more aware of this than Woodrow Wilson himself. What made him bitter was the conviction that in failing to carry out his plans the Nation had broken faith with these men whom he had summoned to war. What history will show is that, however disappointing the events following hostilities may have been, those men were not fighting for any doctrine or theory or scheme of world order, but for the defense of their country and the rest of the world against the domination of an alien Power, and they won.

Of Woodrow Wilson's achievements as President it is not possible here to give a complete account. A review of his Administration was given in The Outlook at the time of his retirement from the Presidency, and will not be repeated here. Of outstanding achievements in domestic legislation was the establishment of the Federal Reserve. Others only less important were the Clayton Act, the creation of the Federal Trade Commission, and the Income Tax Law. These and other measures were put through by virtue of the leadership of President Wilson. For many years he had conceived of the Presidency as an office much more closely united to Congress than most Presidents have conceived it to be. He wished to see the President an American Prime Minister, leading his party and initiating laws. When therefore he became President, he acted on his theories, and, having a compliant party to manage, he made a great success of his experiment. He was willing to use the power of his office to coerce individual legislators to do his will, for, as he explained to an editorial representative of The Outlook in a personal conversation, a President could, if need be, go to the constituency of a Senator and by the very force of the Presidential office, speaking with the voice of the Nation, could, or ought to be able to, crush that Senator's opposition.

With this theory as a basis for his conduct, it was inevitable that President Wilson's Administration should be characterized by pronounced partisanship, and should arouse the spirit of partisanship in the opposite party. During the war this was somewhat allayed; but was immediately reawakened when Mr. Wilson made a party appeal at the election just preceding the Armistice. At that election his claim was rejected by the voters, and, if he had been in fact Prime Minister, the leader of the victorious party would have taken his place and Mr. Wilson would never have gone to Paris as the spokesman of the Nation. He nevertheless did go to Paris, and declared there that he carried with him the mandate of the people. That he was mistaken was proved by subsequent events. He doubtless felt that this was a moral mandate conferred on him by virtue of the Nation's response to his calls to arms.

So from beginning to end the record of Woodrow Wilson is filled with paradox. As a candidate denouncing commission government and classifying experts as liars, as President he establishes the Federal Trade Commission and takes to Europe the greatest body of experts ever collected for diplomatic purposes. Ridiculing the advocates of preparedness as "nervous and excitable," he later urges the building of incomparably the greatest Navy in the world. Re-elected in 1916 because "he kept us out of war," he becomes Commander-in-Chief of the greatest of citizen armies. Having talked peace, he makes war. Having urged a peace without victory, he makes war victoriously. Believing with all his being in good will, both National and international, he leaves office with the Nation torn by party strife and Europe undermined by international suspicion. Having sought eminence as a pacificator, he has found his sure place in history as one of the greatest leaders in war.

Through all this career he has retained the loyal and affectionate support of a vast body of his fellow-countrymen. Among them are to be found many of the most thoughtful and intelligent in our citizenry. By them he is regarded as more than a warrior, more than a political leader, more than a teacher—rather as a prophet. In his ideals they see the promise of a golden age. In the tragedy of his life they see the vicarious sacrifice of the prophet on behalf of these ideals.

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His figure will grow more luminous in the eyes of his followers as the years go by.

Those who were privileged to see him at the height of his career can truthfully record their testimony for future generations to read that his physical presence and demeanor were the perfect expression of the part which he played in the world drama. His was a noble figure. His was a resonant, well-cultivated, and expressive voice. He looked the President that he was. There was nothing insignificant about him. He was in appearance, as in fact, the citizen raised to a royal status. By virtue of the power that he wielded he was conspicuously the center of those who were determining the destiny of nations. Among the seats of the mighty his place, wherever it might be, was at the head of the table. And every honor that came to him, and there was none that was withheld, he bore becomingly. There was something classically Greek in his stature and his carriage. Gracious, without condescension, he embodied in his person those traits which have in the past been associated with royalty but are as befitting a democracy.

That he was unsparing of himself in his devotion to his ideals for his country and for the world his exhausted and disabled body was living evidence. He did not fling away his health recklessly, he gave it willingly and deliberately in the cause he served. If he could have seen the success of his labors, he would not have repined at the cost.

On the lives of some men history renders a verdict from which there is no dissent. Lincoln was such a man. On the lives of other men the verdict of history is a verdict to disagree. Jefferson was such a man. To-day, while men are still alive who remember Lincoln, there are no parties divided in the judgment on Lincoln's character and service. All men are Lincolnians. It is not so with Jefferson. There are to-day, a hundred years after his time, those who support Jefferson and those who oppose him. They may all agree as to his greatness, but they are not all Jeffersonians. Woodrow Wilson is likely to remain in history beside Jefferson as one whose followers, whether they be in the majority or not, will be distinguishable among even those who will consider him a great American.

The Week

Senator Underwood's Tribute to Wilson

IN response to a request from The Outlook, Oscar W. Underwood, Senator from Alabama, loyal supporter of President Wilson in Congress, who has never allowed partisan considerations to deflect him from what he believes to be the true course in foreign affairs, conspicuous this year as in the past as a possible candidate for the Presidency, has sent us the following telegram:

The life and character of Woodrow Wilson will forever stand as a milestone to mark the onward progress of our National life and the world's civilization. He was a great leader of men. He was a courageous and far-sighted war Executive. He was the leader of his party in an era of the greatest constructive legislation. But above and beyond all these accomplishments he became the master mind in a war-weary world by the proposal and establishment of plans for permanent peace of the world, looking to a peace among nations of love and international understanding rather than to a rule of force and hatred.

O. W. UNDERWOOD.

Senator Glass's Tribute to Wilson

RESPONDING to the telegraphic request of The Outlook, Carter Glass, now Senator from Virginia, draws his portrait of Wilson from a memory richly furnished by a close relation. His despatch was released by him for general publication. While serving in the House of Representatives Carter Glass was Chairman of the Committee that drafted the measure which became the greatest legislative achievement of the Wilson Administration—the Federal Reserve Act. Later, on the retirement of Mr. McAdoo from the Cabinet, Mr. Glass became Secretary of the Treasury, and finally he was chosen Senator. Throughout his career Mr. Glass has been one of the ablest, most loyal, and most convinced supporters of President Wilson's policies, both domestic and foreign, and is unwavering in his faith in Mr. Wilson's ideal for the League of Nations.

Woodrow Wilson will take a place in history among the very foremost of the great men who have given direction to the fortunes of the Nation. No President of the United States ever excelled him in essential preparation for the tasks of the office. No occupant of the executive chair was better furnished for a notable administration of public affairs, and Wilson's Administration was notable. His achievements, in enumeration and importance, have never been surpassed. As to Mr. Wilson's personal traits and characteristics, to me he always was the soul of courtesy and frankness, dignified, but reasonably familiar, tenacious when sure of his position, but not hard to persuade or to convince. I had good reason to be incredulous when I heard persons talk about his unwillingness to seek counsel or accept advice. For a really great man, who must have been conscious of his own intellectual power, he repeatedly did both things in an astonishing degree. Now that he is dead, what can one say, who knew him well and accepted his philosophy, but that the greatest human figure of the century has fallen? I think his death will inspire those who believed in him with a feeling akin to that which was so incomparably expressed in the Gettysburg Address. It will make them highly resolve that the divine ideal for which Woodrow Wilson latterly lived, for which he actually died, shall not perish from the earth.

CARTER GLASS.

Tributes from Secretary Hughes and Secretary Hoover

HAVING telegraphed to Secretary Hughes, of the Department of State, and to Secretary Hoover, of the Department of Commerce, The Outlook has received the following replies. Both Secretary Hughes and Secretary Hoover, though of the opposite party from that to which Mr. Wilson belonged, have expressed their belief in the general principles of the League of Nations, though not of the particular plan to which President Wilson committed himself. Mr. Hughes served in Mr. Wilson's Administration in carrying on the investigation of the aircraft situation, and Mr. Hoover was distinguished as directing the Wilson Administration's plan for food conservation. The replies, both of which have been given to the daily press, are as follows:

The Nation has lost a great leader of outstanding ability and character, whose service will be ever memorable. The tragic experience through which President Wilson has passed and the noble

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fortitude with which he had borne his affliction have evoked deepest feeling of sorrow and sympathy.

CHARLES E. HUGHES.

We all grieve at the loss of a great American who truly gave his life for National service. As time softens the asperities of the war his stature as a great leader through a great crisis in our National life, his high courage, and his inspiration to lofty action will bring to him the high appreciation and deep gratitude of all our people.

HERBERT HOOVER.

Idle Ships

A SHORT time ago the Shipping Board sold seven idle, rapidly deteriorating ships to the Dollar Steamship Company. The price may have been low, considering the original cost, but reasonable in view of the fact that they were idle and steadily depreciating in value. Nevertheless there was an immediate protest in Congress, the kind of objection certain to arise when anything even remotely helpful to our reviving merchant marine is suggested.

There are members of Congress who sometimes forget that their own mandate encourages most emphatically the placing of the Government fleet into private hands. It is estimated that there are about 500 still serviceable ships lying idle. And it is obvious that they will continue to lie idle, in very large part, and eventually go to the junk pile unless private companies find it profitable to maintain a merchant service.

Two methods are available for a Governmental support of a merchant marine. There can be a direct cash subsidy—a plan that has some friends and some emphatic enemies. The weakness of this plan is that it would not very strongly induce shippers to search for large cargoes when the Government would be making even scant cargoes profitable. The other method was given in the Jones Bill of June, 1920, which offers preferential freight rates and customs duties to American-owned ships. This plan would doubtless fill our ships, but would antagonize foreign trading nations, who would be apt to retaliate—nations which could hardly object to a cash subsidy—and who probably would not fear the results of one, anyway.

As it is, neither form of help has been used, and each year the Government pays an immense sum to make up for its losses on its own merchant service.

A Merchant Marine as Related to Basic Industries

MEANWHILE a great fleet of carriers slowly rots away, and great American shipyards stand all but idle. Not only so, but many American industries, including that of wheat-growing, are suffocating for the lack of foreign markets. The courageous Mr. Dollar has just made another offer, this time for ten of the 535 Class vessels, now operating in the Pacific. He will probably get them, and doubtless there will be more protests. But concerning the whole question the Nation at large is not interested. It does not see the connection between a merchant marine and prosperous basic industries.

It should be realized that a merchant marine is of incalculable aid in developing National prosperity, through the broadening and developing of foreign markets for our products and manufactures. Consider for a moment the British merchant marine. Its agents are all over the world, keenly interested in obtaining cargoes for their ships. These agents study their particular fields. They report on specific local needs. They report on the peculiar tastes to which the home merchants must cater. They report on the economic status and customs of prospective customers. The result is that Great Britain is able to send appropriate goods just where they are in demand, and under financial conditions attractive to purchasers.

Such agents are highly trained specialists, their first interest being the prosperity of the merchant marine. Co-operating with them are special agents representing the great manufacturing and agricultural interests of the Empire.

To aid our foreign trade we have a few special agents, too rarely well prepared. Largely our manufacturers must depend on our consular service, on men who have other duties to perform, and who have no financial interest of their own at stake.

A merchant service is a trade getter as well as a trade carrier. That is the point that must be generally understood, if our latent merchant marine is to gain full support. It effectively co-operates with all possible exporters of agricultural or manufactured products, and a broader market for both is becoming a more and more obvious need.

Governmental support of American shipping, then, is very much more than an aid merely to shipyards and transport companies. It is not a subsidy given any one narrow group. It is an investment in an enterprise that benefits the whole Nation, agriculturists and manufacturers alike. When this is once generally realized, we will not have to put forward the other argument—that a merchant marine is a vital necessity in time of war.

Mental Tests for Immigrants

DR. H. H. LAUGHLIN, of the Labor Department, has suggested that immigrants arriving in America be given intelligence tests. That such a suggestion can be made and can receive a good deal of approval is merely another indication of the very considerable thought we are beginning—at a rather late day—to give to the quality of our future citizenship. We are realizing that with some of the very finest stock there has been coming a far too large proportion of immigrants who will tend to lower the mental and physical levels of the Nation.

To make sure that immigrants of low mentality are excluded is surely a highly desirable and defensible performance. It might be suggested to Dr. Laughlin, however, that the time to test potential immigrants, mentally as well as physically, is before they leave their home country, and not after they have arrived here—at no small sacrifice to themselves and at no inconsiderable cost to us.

Academic Independence at Vassar

IT is very significant that Vassar College has taken a definite means to insure a proper academic freedom to its Faculty. In the College Bulletin, Vol. XIII, No. 1, the following unusual agreements are set forth. First, the Faculty is given control and direction of the educational policy of the College. Second, the Trustees cannot establish new departments or change existing ones without a full conference with the Faculty. Third, the Trustees agree not to accept gifts on terms that would alter the status or tenure of any members of the Faculty without a previous conference with the Faculty itself.

These three agreements are interesting enough, but those that follow are far more so. For instance, it is agreed that within the limits of law the members of the Faculty "shall enjoy complete liberty of research, of instruction, and of utterance upon matters of opinion." Furthermore, "no gift shall be accepted by the Trustees the terms of which would come in conflict with this statute."

This broad and excellent declaration

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Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Part of the Exhibition of Industrial Art in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City

does not leave the members of the Faculty free of responsibility, however. Each teacher has very obvious obligations and must accept full responsibility for all utterances, remembering, too, that the good name of the College rests upon the reputation of its Faculty. The point is, however, that the Faculty is the judge of its own actions and of the actions of its individual members. So rational an agreement needs little defense. Most of us can agree that groups of business men, such as make up most boards of trustees, are not competent to judge upon academic matters. This is a faculty's specific field, and should be left to the experience and judgment of the faculty.

"Academic freedom" comes violently into the limelight every now and then. Sometimes a college board of trustees interferes directly with the work of a specific faculty member. Sometimes the donor of an endowment makes an effective protest when funds coming from that endowment are spent in teaching subjects or in the use of methods of which the donor does not approve. Sometimes a gift of money to an educational institution carries conditions very narrowly limiting its use as far as specific teaching is concerned, confining the teaching staff to a particular view-point year after year, regardless of developments in teaching methods and subjects. Sometimes, too, as in the reported case of North Carolina, the State itself may pass regulations prohibiting the teaching of a particular concept. Very many fair-minded people seriously condemn such attempts to limit reasonable academic freedom. Furthermore, scientific advancement cannot be prevented by law, nor can law any longer tell us what we may or may not believe.

Vassar, it is true, would have to comply with a direct State prohibition. We have still, even at this day and age, one or two communities sufficiently mediæval to forbid the teaching of a science, no matter how demonstrably true, that happens to be in conflict with past opinion. If Copernicus were just discovering that the earth revolves around the sun, instead of *vice versa,* these communities, to be consistent, would not hesitate to forbid the teaching of anything so radical, despite history's showing that no such prohibition can have the slightest effect. Such archaic restrictions, however, are not likely to occur in the State of New York, and from anything less than that Vassar's Faculty is now happily free.

Industrial Art and Quantity Production

For several years the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, has held exhibitions of such industrial art as has been inspired in its design by study of the collections in the Museum itself. This year the scope of the exhibition has been greatly enlarged by removing the restriction as to the source of the inspiration, and the result is a display of industrial art that fairly represents the average status of such work in America during the year 1923.

The exhibition shows the current work of many well-known manufacturers in some forty industries. Individual work of craftsmen as such is purposely omitted, for the exhibition's plan is to show the work of those engaged in "quantity production." That, after all, must represent the general conditions of industrial art in America, and not the exceptional product of individuals. The manufacturers' exhibits are of varied character. An inspection of the spacious hall in which the exhibition is held shows at a glance that rugs of Oriental and other pleasing designs are included; that fabrics, laces and embroidery, furniture, metalwork, lighting fixtures, wall papers, and many other subjects of decorative

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value and possibility have contributed to the exhibition's attractiveness. A closer inspection of the many cases shows silverware, jewelry, glassware, ceramics, enamels, and textiles of many kinds, including even scarfs and neckwear. All these are the work of representative American firms and of their designers, whose names, we are glad to say, are associated with those of their employers in the Museum's catalogue of the exhibition.

There is undoubtedly a steady growth of public interest in America in the product of the industrial arts. The vast average increase in prosperity of the last few decades, with the wider educational opportunities that have been offered, have stimulated a desire for better things in every aspect of household utility and adornment. The crudities of uninstructed taste have by no means passed away, but there can be no doubt that the mass production of the looms, of the silversmiths' shops, of the furniture workers, of the designers of ceramics and tableware, of metalwork and hardware, has shown a distinct improvement in taste over similar production of previous periods.

The exhibition as a whole, however, gives a certain impression of heterogeneity. No distinctively American style of design seems as yet to have developed. A European visitor to the exhibition focused this idea in the observation: "Here you have Renaissance tables—and very fine ones; you have Louis Quatorze chairs, you have mediæval patterns of lace, you have Colonial wall papers. All these show talent in design and facility in execution. They are notably good. But on our side we are working out things of the present era. We are developing our art out of the associations of the past, but not clinging to them." Perhaps a lesson and a suggestion may be found in this comment for the skilled designers and artificers and business men who have made this extremely interesting exhibition possible. It remains open to the public till March 2.

The New Curtis School of Music

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, the publisher, has made it possible for Philadelphia to possess in the near future what may become a great school of music. The Curtis School of Music, as it will be called, has been generously endowed by the recently established Curtis Foundation. Its object will be, in the words of the announcement, to give students of music in Philadelphia "advantages which will not be exceeded by any similar institution anywhere in the world."

Mere financial backing can make possible a fine equipment and an expert staff of teachers, but for the development of real musicians mere technical training, no matter how excellent, is not nearly enough. It is here where so many American schools fail. Every year they turn out numbers of students who have acquired the technique of their instruments, but who have a scant repertoire, very little *ensemble* experience and training, and an education narrowly concerned with one particular instrument. In New York the American Orchestral Society, as told in a recent issue, meets much of this criticism. John Grolle, who heads the Curtis Institute, explained to a representative of The Outlook how he hopes to meet all the criticisms.

Mr. Grolle emphasized the fact that they are planning to give much more than a narrow technical training. The students, as a regular part of their courses, will receive lectures of a broadly cultural nature, including of course such subjects as the philosophy of music, the discussion of ethical concepts, and even appropriate branches of psychology. In brief, Mr. Grolle recognizes the intimate relationship between character, culture, and real musicianship. If he actually succeeds in training his students with this relationship as a fundamental principle, he will indeed accomplish a very significant advance in musical training, and not in Philadelphia alone.

The Amateur Standing of Writers on Tennis

THE United States Lawn Tennis Association has voted overwhelmingly to bar amateur tennis players from receiving "substantial sums" for writing about their sport. At first sight it seems rather excessive to hold that such writing would seriously affect amateur standing. A little thinking, however, convinces one of the rightness of this idea. A true amateur is not supposed to make a living, or even a considerable part of it, from his sport, yet amateurs of high rank by syndicated articles can sometimes realize comfortable sums in this manner. Obviously, one can hardly earn a considerable part of one's living by means of writing of this character and still be a real amateur. The Association seems justified in its decision.

Of course something can be said on the other side. Few can see and study our experts in action, yet these experts through their writing can be of great aid to ambitious players. And they can do much to interest the general public in their sport. Such articles as that which Tilden wrote for The Outlook last April provide an excellent example. He discussed at that time the possibilities of a number of youthful tennis stars, and then outlined the fundamentals that must be considered by all who wish to progress in this excellent sport. It was an interesting and helpful article. Writings of this kind are valuable, and experts should be permitted to write them.

The ruling, however, is not extreme in its application. It forbids merely the writing for a "substantial sum," which surely makes possible the writing of valuable special and occasional articles. Furthermore, George T. Adee, chairman of the Amateur Rules Committee, explained that each case would be considered individually, and that the only thing aimed at is the earning of a living, or a considerable part of it, by means of a tennis reputation. This seems very fair in principle. It insures the amateur status without being unduly or unfairly restrictive.

Scoffing at Scofflaw

SOMEBODY with a warm heart, and a head not over-hard, offered a prize of two hundred dollars for the most opprobrious term to be applied to persons who disobey the prohibition laws. The prize was won by a strangely Scandinavian sounding word, "Scofflaw." But, mark the result. Instead of shaming the lawbreakers into obedience (as "slacker" was supposed to do in war time), "scofflaw" has been seized with cries of joy by columnists and makers of comic strips. Songs are written with the refrain: "Skoal to the Scofflaw! Skoal!" and hardened drinkers pledge one another over their illicit cups: "Here's to you, you old Scofflaw!"

It is always thus with attempts to create off-hand things which are a matter of sentiment. Patriotic songs written to order, national flowers chosen by votes of school-children or women's clubs, are so quickly forgotten that nobody can remember them next week. New words or phrases are invented by some genius when there is a need for them. Witness: highbrow, joy ride, nature faker. But they do not come in answer to prize offers. And as the Duke, the Colonel, and the Major in "Patience" long ago discovered: "You can't get high æsthetic tastes, like trousers, ready made."

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Oil and Conservation

AT first the exposure of the oil lease scandals seemed to involve the Republican Administration of President Harding and indirectly of President Coolidge. Naturally, the more zealous Democrats in Congress seized what they thought to be an opportunity for turning the scandal into party profit. As might be expected, foremost among these was Senator Heflin, of Alabama, who never fails of a chance to speak for home consumption. All these attempts, some perfectly legitimate, to make political capital out of the scandal suddenly became futile when Mr. Doheny, on February 1, testified before the Senate Investigating Committee that, as president of the oil company that had leased the naval oil reserve in California, he had paid money for the services of five men in President Wilson's Administration, four of them members of the Cabinet and the other George Creel, the Administration's publicity agent in the war, or, as Mr. Doheny described him, "the man who made the Wilson Administration famous in Europe." He employed Creel, Mr. Doheny said, "to head off the giving of leases to Republicans after the change in Administration." The ex-Cabinet members employed were Secretary McAdoo, Secretary Lane, Secretary Garrison, and Attorney-General Gregory.

This testimony has changed the whole character of the investigation from a matter of party house-cleaning to an issue of National magnitude concerning the whole relation between the Federal Government and the Nation's natural resources. It has revived on a large scale the almost forgotten question of Conservation. That is not merely a question of saving oil and coal and timber and water power and the like; it is a question of faithfulness to stewardship.

One of the many services which President Roosevelt rendered his country was in impressing upon the public conscience the duty of holding public officials sternly to their obligation as stewards of the Nation's property. As no one before him had done, he brought people to realize not only that public officials were stewards for the people, but that the people themselves were stewards for posterity. Falseness to that stewardship he showed in its true light. Unhappily, not one of his successors has made it his business to administer the public property with the conscientious observance of the obligations of stewardship which he set forth.

(C) Keystone

Edward L. Doheny (right) after testifying before the Senate Investigating Committee, with his lawyer, Frank J. Hogan

Under President Taft the Ballinger case revealed a relapse into the old conscienceless ways that aroused the people into administering to the Republican party such a retribution as ought not to have been forgotten. Then came the Wilson Administration. Secretary Lane, now dead, whose integrity was unquestioned, was not primarily a conservationist. His employment by the Doheny oil interests could have had little political bearing, however, for he was out of touch with the Wilson Administration even before he resigned; but it would not have been possible in the case of a man who held the fiduciary position he had held if he had had the Rooseveltian view of Conservation. Somewhat the same may be said of Secretary Garrison, for he too was alienated from the Wilson régime, and could have had no great influence with it. It was otherwise with Secretary McAdoo and Attorney-General Gregory.

The fact that the Doheny oil interests have paid Mr. McAdoo $250,000 is no proof of corruption; but it has very nearly, if not quite, made Mr. McAdoo unavailable as a Presidential candidate. After this oil scandal, the people of the United States are not likely to put into the Presidency a man who has been retained by the lessee of a naval oil reserve and who has remained silent about it publicly until called upon by the Senate to explain.

In the case of Mr. Gregory the effect was immediate. President Coolidge had already selected him as a Democrat to act with Mr. Silas H. Strawn, a Republican of Chicago, as counsel of the Department of Justice in taking whatever legal measures might be necessary. Mr. Gregory mentioned casually his connection with certain oil cases, but did not reveal his connection with one of the companies involved in the scandal until the facts were brought out in Mr. Doheny's testimony. At once of course the President withdrew his proposal to select Mr. Gregory as counsel, and substituted for him ex-Senator Pomerene, of Ohio, a Democrat, and while in the Senate a strong supporter of President Wilson.

Justice requires a suspension of judgment as to the course of Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Gregory until their story has been officially and directly told; but no explanation is likely to restore either to a place in public confidence as properly eligible to act as a trustee for public resources.

Ex-Secretary Fall's case so far remains unique. He alone has the unenviable distinction of having personally engineered the transfer of public property to interests to which he is proved to have become financially obligated.

What matters chiefly in this whole incident is, not the loss of millions of gallons of oil, if millions have in fact been lost to the Navy, but the loss of the fiduciary sense in public men, a loss so complete that probably none of them have even been aware of it as a loss, and, what is still more deplorable, a corresponding loss of keenness in the public

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conscience. If this scandal shall have sharpened the public conscience and given it a new edge, it will have been worth all it has cost in material wealth.

Not a Case Against Prohibition

WILLIAM H. ANDERSON has had his day in court, defended by a former Governor of the State of New York, Charles S. Whitman, and in a court-room presided over by an eminently fair and capable judge, Arthur S. Tompkins. Mr. Anderson was unable to convince twelve men that he was not guilty of forgery in the third degree. The jury returned a quick verdict on the two indictments against Mr. Anderson, and in each case the decision was "guilty."

Though the case may be appealed and reversed in a higher court, Mr. Anderson will still have the court of public opinion to reckon with on the evidence presented at the trial. It seems hardly possible that the verdict can or should be otherwise than adverse.

The Outlook has never attempted to pass upon the justice or injustice of the charges which have been brought against Mr. Anderson. It has reported them, just as it is to-day reporting the charges against Senator Fall, and it has criticised at times certain of the methods employed by Mr. Anderson in his war upon those who would defeat the purpose and intention of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Repeatedly The Outlook has urged that Mr. Anderson give the facts in the case to the public. Our appeal has been met with bitter vituperation. Mr. Anderson has taken the attitude that any one who criticises the methods of workers for prohibition must *ipso facto* be an enemy of prohibition.

It seems to us that the trial has brought out some of the reasons for Mr. Anderson's failure to lay his cards on the table. It was shown that Mr. Anderson required a subordinate to split commissions with him and that he did not report this arrangement to his Directors. It was shown that Mr. Anderson misinformed his own Directors as to the source of certain money which he claims to have spent for the benefit of the Anti-Saloon League. That the Directors of the New York Anti-Saloon League later condoned these offenses against ordinary business morality will not alter, we believe, the public verdict that Mr. Anderson has shown himself unfit to be the leader in a moral movement. The only explanation of this action by the Directors of the Anti-Saloon League that can be made is one which comes under the usual Protestant definition of the word Jesuitical. The acts of Mr. Anderson have been condoned because he has been effective.

And he has been effective. He has been, perhaps, the most outstanding figure in the group of men who removed the stigma of amateurishness from the prohibition movement. He showed the churches and the dry rural populations of the country how to make their votes and their wishes carry into the halls of legislation. For more than twenty-five years he has been in the very forefront of the fighters for prohibition in Illinois, Maryland, and New York. He has wielded a far-reaching political power.

We think that his failure in the end has been both moral and political. He has failed to realize the implication of his acts and he has also failed to recognize the fact that prohibition must stand or fall, not by laws upon the statute-books, but by the degree of effectiveness in the enforcement of these laws. Mr. Anderson has fought courageously against bitter and unscrupulous opponents. The blow which has fallen upon him is a personal blow in its effect and cause. As Judge Tompkins charged the jury, in the case of the People of New York against William H. Anderson, prohibition was not on trial.

An Oasis in the Desert

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IN these days of acrimonious discussion between Fundamentalists and Modernists, when to the outside observer it sometimes seems as if the Christian Church had degenerated into a mere debating society, it is cheering to find a city church whose animating spirit is not nagging, but neighborliness. The Great Teacher in whose name the Christian Church was founded said that neighborliness is one of the two great foundation stones of true religion. A church which exists for worship and brotherhood and says little or nothing about metaphysical opinions and theological tests is like a refreshing oasis in a desert of empty words.

There is such a church in one of the shabby sections of the city of New York which has been carrying on a work of neighborly service for seventy-seven years. But, as it has never attacked anybody for theological radicalism and never defended anybody for theological liberalism, its name does not get into the newspapers very often. It is the Church of the Holy Communion, founded by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg in the middle of the last century, at what is now the corner of Twentieth Street and Sixth Avenue. Dr. Muhlenberg was an extraordinary man. His grandfather was one of the great Lutherans of the eighteenth century. His uncle was an Episcopal clergyman in Virginia at the time of the Revolutionary War, and at the outbreak of that great conflict "he told his congregation that there was a time to preach and a time to fight, and at the close of the services he threw off his gown, showing himself in full uniform, and read from the pulpit his commission as Colonel." A fighting parson indeed!

Dr. Muhlenberg, the nephew of this Revolutionary soldier, was also a champion of freedom. The Church of the Holy Communion, which he founded, was the first free church in the United States, and it is said that owing to its example eighty-seven per cent of the Episcopal churches in this country are now free churches—that is to say, the sittings or pews are neither owned nor rented nor privately appropriated by members of the congregation. During its long life the church has had only three rectors, Dr. Muhlenberg, Dr. Lawrence, and the present incumbent, Dr. Henry Mottet, who has been the rector for forty-five years.

The location of the church has had many vicissitudes. When the church was established, it was on the outskirts of the city; as New York increased in population and wealth the corner on which the church stands became almost a center of the fashionable residential and the fashionable shopping section of the city; the real estate grew in value; the church was offered half a million dollars for its property, but it declined the offer; it wished to be a neighborhood institution, whether the neighborhood was rural, or fashionable, or industrial. Fashion and wealth moved on. The neighborhood has be-

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come a workaday place, a little run down at the heel, but there are more human beings living and working round about it than ever before, and Dr. Mottet and the loyal members of his parish are interested, not in wealth and fashion, but in human beings.

I have no doubt that Dr. Mottet is perfectly "sound" theologically, so that I do not fear that if I repeat a little story which came to my ears the other day about him I shall get him into trouble with his ecclesiastical superiors. Once upon a time a gentleman from Boston who had moved to New York, or was temporarily living in New York, attended some of the services of the church. He was attracted. The church is beautiful architecturally. It has fine stained glass, lovely carving on wood and stone, an appropriate and dignified ritual. It ministers both to the æsthetic sense and to the sense of humble and sincere worship. The Bostonian came to Dr. Mottet and the following dialogue ensued.

The Bostonian. "I should like to join this church, but I don't suppose I can, as I am not orthodox."

Dr. Mottet. "What do you mean by orthodox, my friend?"

The Bostonian. "Why, I am a Unitarian and don't believe in the divinity of Christ."

Dr. Mottet. "Can you disprove his divinity by mathematics?"

The Bostonian. "No, I suppose not."

Dr. Mottet. "Well, I can't prove it by mathematics, so in this respect we appear to be in the same boat. But if you join this church in the spirit of worship, and try with us to live as well as you can in accordance with the example of Jesus, and the teachings, not of the theologians, but of Jesus, you will find a divinity in him even if you cannot understand it."

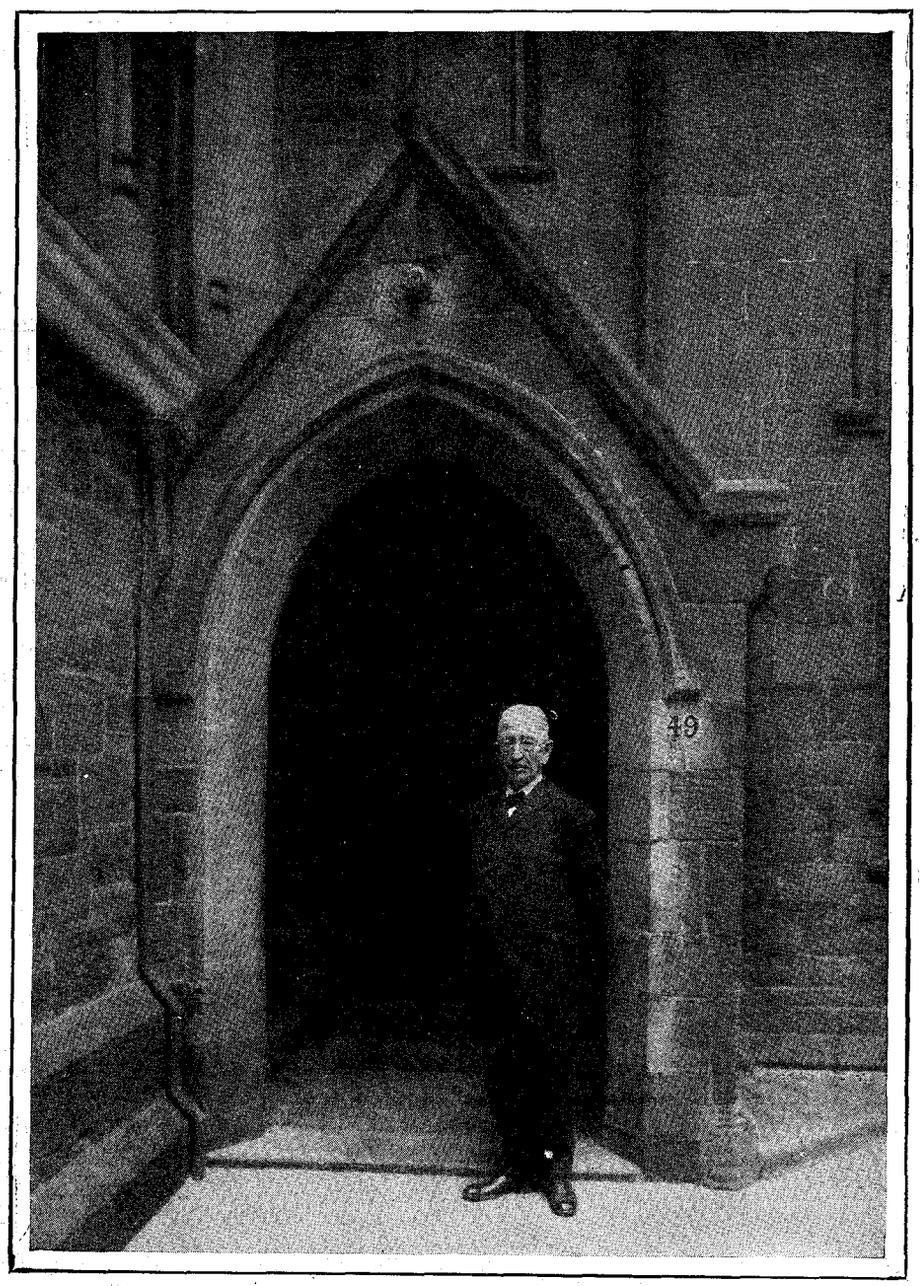
The Bostonian did come into the church. He was a bookman, a man of letters, and he made the library of the church a great influence in the neighborhood, which exists to this day.

It is apparent even from this hasty survey of the history and spirit of this modest Christian institution that it is a working church. What it has done in fresh air work and social service cannot for lack of space be detailed here. The church itself is open every day from half-past seven in the morning, and its parish house has now become too limited as a neighborhood settlement. Dr. Mottet therefore proposes to build on the church property, in the place of the present parish house, at a cost of $250,000, a community house, which he describes as follows:

> The house is intended to be fourteen stories high, and to contain a large and greatly needed restaurant, a reading-room, a gymnasium and swimming pool, baths, billiard and pool rooms, bowling alleys, club and meeting rooms for men and women, rest-rooms for women, a *crèche* for babies, playrooms for children, a hall capable of seating about 300 people that can be used for plays, movies, dances, public meetings and other kinds of social and recreational purposes. It is to be open every day of the year from 7 A.M. till 11 P.M. It is to contain an apartment to be occupied by the women social workers, possibly two or three other apartments for men identified with the work, and an apartment for the superintendent. It is to be crowned by a roof garden which can be inclosed with glass in winter. As the plans mature other features may be added or alterations may be made, so as to make it the most serviceable house that can be devised for the welfare and happiness of all the people of the community.

It is believed by Dr. Mottet that private enterprise may be persuaded to build, on the other half of the block and adjoining the church property and the community house, a modern hotel for self-supporting women.

If this fine vision can be accomplished, there would be permanently established in a crowded but somewhat abandoned region of the city a unique center of architectural beauty and neighborly service. The vision could be accomplished, too, if all the energy and passion which are put into controversies and conflicts about theological definitions were transferred to deeds of good will.



Dr. Henry Mottet, Rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, New York City

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Woodrow Wilson

By EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

President of the University of Virginia

IT is difficult to appreciate or to evaluate the character and career of a great historical figure like Woodrow Wilson in the very moment of his passing, while a great wave of emotional sympathy with his tragic suffering is possessing all the people, but I cannot put aside your request that I pay some tribute to this great American figure who was my friend and for whom I have deep admiration. I was brought up in the same little Southern city with Woodrow Wilson. His father, Joseph R. Wilson, was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Wilmington, North Carolina. My father was deacon in that church. My first memory of Wilson was of a tall, slender youth at home from Princeton University for the holidays, and I who sat in the pew next behind him, a youngster in the home schools, was deeply impressed with the fact that he was a Princeton student. The last time I saw him in health, on the night of April 2, 1917, he was speaking from the clerk's desk in the House of Representatives, to a mighty hushed audience, the words that led this great industrial democracy into war. I recall my pride in him that night, the dignity of his presence, the culture and solidity and substance of his great speech. He was indeed a gallant figure, possessing all the arts and graces of the greatest platform speaker of his generation. I recall how sure I felt that he would never strike a false note and the delight I had and we all had in the cadences of his voice and the quiet, profound intensity of his manner revealing how deeply impressed on his own soul were the issues of the hour. The last time I saw Woodrow Wilson in life was a year ago, on Armistice Day, when he stood for five minutes on the portico of his S Street home and, with a voice still beautiful and unravaged by disease, spoke with a ringing belligerency suggestive of his habit in former days. Woodrow Wilson played many important rôles on the great stage as an educator, a historian, a student of political institutions, politician, statesman, President, international leader. His activities were of the widest range. I believe it will be the verdict of history that his place is among the select group of very great Americans. I am sure that it is enrolled among the great Presidents of the Republic—men of the type of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Lincoln, Roosevelt. He was a leader, of course, in the most romantic and unselfish enterprise ever undertaken by this or any other people. No such administrative burden ever before befell any other President. During the period between November, 1918, and March, 1919, he wielded a power greater perhaps than was ever before wielded by any ruler in the political history of mankind. As one recalls what the task of settling the World War really meant, it is very clear that the power of Cæsar and Napoleon and Alexander was parochial compared to the power wielded by Wilson at that time. To all of his tasks he brought a strong will and uncompromising steadfastness and amazing faith in himself and his cause and a depth of conviction that disregarded opposition.

If I were asked to put down the most outstanding and distinctive attribute of the character of Woodrow Wilson, I should say courage—physical courage, mental courage, moral courage. Personally he was a man of charming manners, of alluring social qualities, and possessed all of the qualities of the highly cultivated citizen of the world; but what he really loved was a fight in a good cause that he believed to be right. He regarded compromise as a form of treason, and it is to be feared that his intensity of conviction led him astray in judgment in the last phases of the battle for the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations.

Woodrow Wilson will as the years go by more and more appeal to men as a twentieth-century type of a great liberal, more spiritually akin to Thomas Jefferson than any other man in American history. His shortcomings were Jeffersonian, and his virtues were Jeffersonian. He went forward to meet a battle more eagerly than Jefferson, but did not hang on to a fight with any greater intensity. The root of liberalism lies in the dignity and worth of the individual. Its pursuit is the pursuit of the social good rather than of class benefits. It submits all the assertions of authority to the judgment of the individual, whether they issue out of scriptures or creeds or constitutions.

Like Jefferson, I do not think Wilson took a tremendous interest in individual men. Unlike John Marshall, if he saw on the roadside Tom Jones he was not keenly interested to fall into conversation with Tom Jones, but he had faith in the ultimate integrity and common sense of all the Tom Joneses if democracy gave them sufficient training for their task, and, like Jefferson, he would have gone to the stake to guarantee them freedom from tyranny and oppression and the right to make the most of themeslves. I, therefore, predict that Woodrow Wilson will be joined unto the great liberals of the world, chosen to that group by the voice of mankind, men who have suffered and fought and died to promote the slow but majestic movement of men in all lands—men like John Milton and John Hampden, Benjamin Franklin and John Adams, Martin Luther and Ulrich von Hutten, Mazzini and Cavour, Gladstone and John Morley and Abraham Lincoln.

The world will never forget and Americans will forever be proud of the part played by Woodrow Wilson in the World War. It was a task of incredible difficulty. It was impossible to perform the task without error, but, as Americans shall forever take pride in the fact that George Washington stood in the forefront of the Nation's life when independence was at stake, so they will have pride that Woodrow Wilson incarnated the American spirit when world freedom was at stake. His great state papers, even his much-derided notes, his Fourteen Points, his memorable addresses, will define for all time the purposes of the war and the ideals and aims of American democracy. In the last three or four years, while Woodrow Wilson has fought his fight with disease and suffering, all men have noted how the heart of the Republic has been turning to him in tenderness, appreciation, and good will. The supreme achievement of his life and the main reason why the heart of the Republic is turning to him is that he brought to this Republic the League of Nations, the most rational scheme of international cooperation ever devised by man. Such a League had been for centuries the dream of great spirits—Plato, Henry of Navarre, William Penn, Kant—but he brought a practical covenant itself for the practical consideration of a practical people. He failed in this partly through temperamental inhibitions of his own, but infinitely more through the savage and cruel dislike of him and of his aims by opposing political forces. But the League lives. It has set a standard around which men of generous impulses and clear thinking will rally for all time. I think there was something of the poet in the soul of Wilson. He knew the spiritual value of the ideal of the League of Nations. He tied his policies and his name for all time to those ideals, and thus has achieved a solid and substantial immortality, greater perhaps than that of any of the great figures of the mighty epoch through which he passed.

By telegraph from Charlottesville, Virginia.

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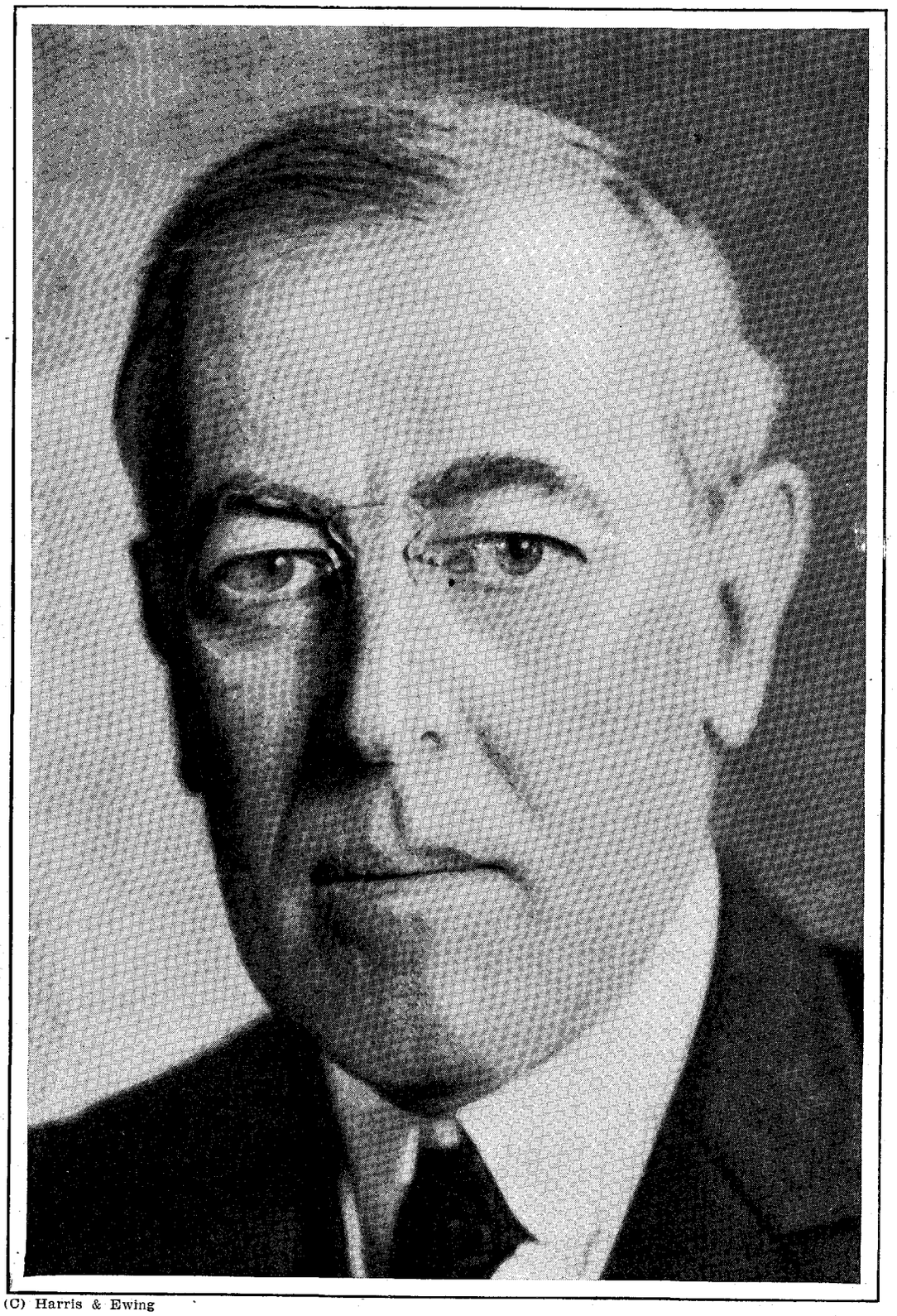

(C) Harris & Ewing

Woodrow Wilson

President of the United States

1913—1921

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Keystone

The news comes to Woodrow Wilson that the American people have chosen him as their chief. The picture was taken at Shadow Lawn, 1912

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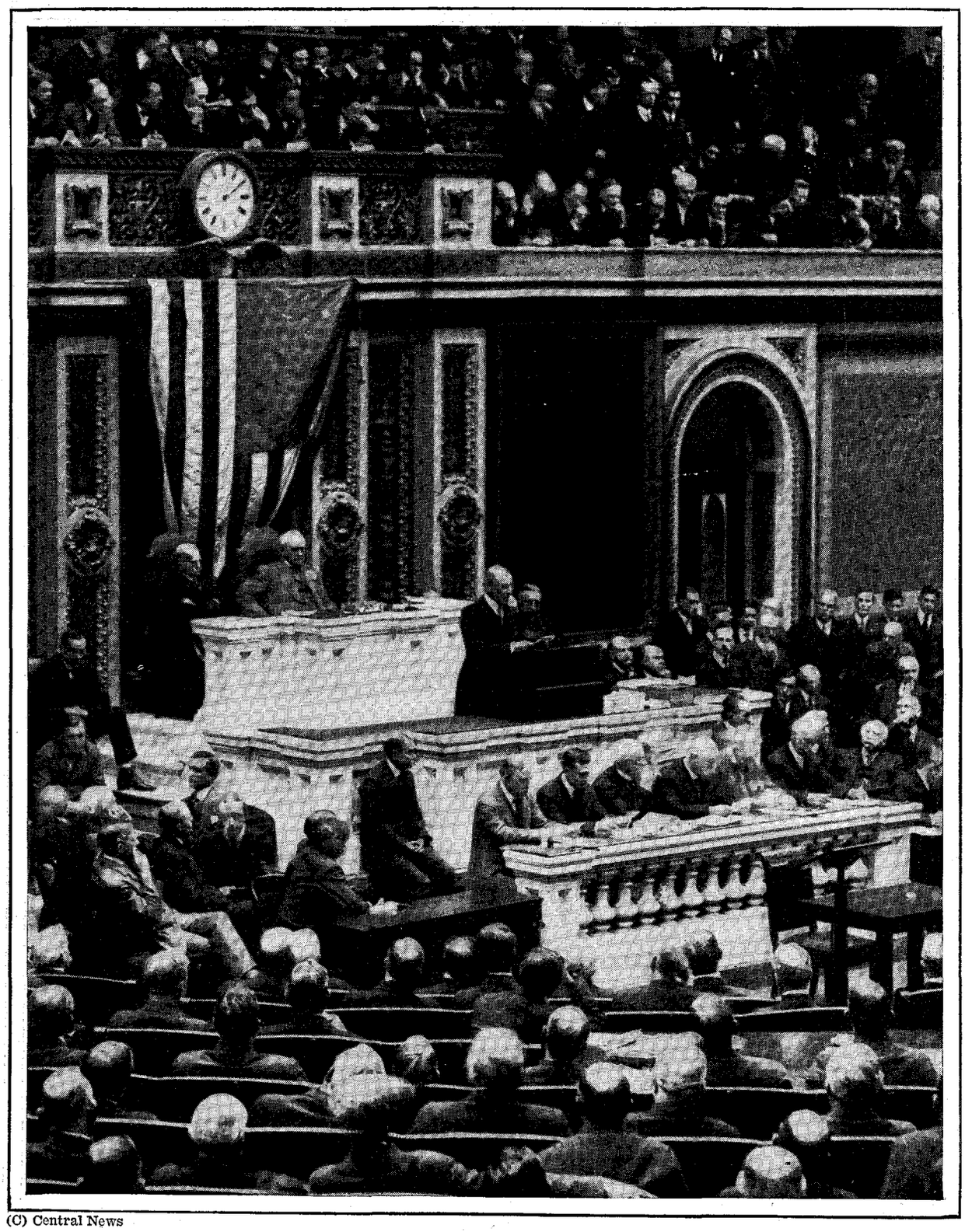

(C) Central News

The turn of the wheel of fortune brings a peace President to the threshold of war. Woodrow Wilson is reading to Congress the announcement of the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany

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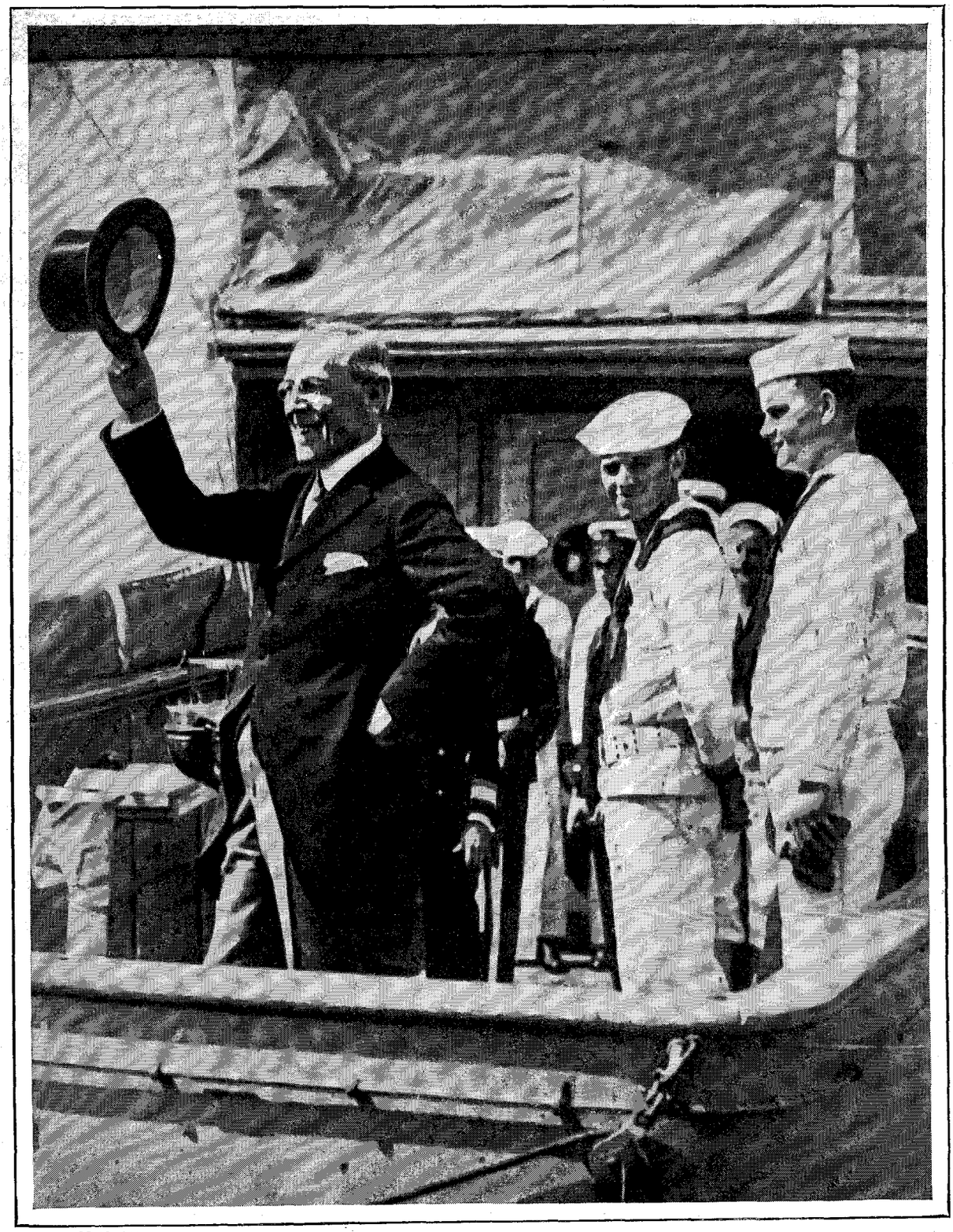

Wide World Photos

The George Washington brings Woodrow Wilson back to his native land after his dramatic appearance at the Peace Conference. Confident of the justice of his cause and of his power to persuade, he smilingly faces the approaching contest with his political opponents

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International

Woodrow Wilson rides down Pennsylvania Avenue with his victorious opponent after the most overwhelming political repudiation in American history. Though broken in health, he gallantly refuses to forego the strain of this "last ride" of all American Presidents whose term of service is at an end

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Democracy in India's Politics

By W. NORMAN BROWN

This writer goes to the root of a problem that affects all nations. In government the spirit counts more than the form, and Mr. Brown shows why. The article comes from Jammu, India

IT is a common error in America to assume that India's Nationalist aspirations spring from a thirst for democratic institutions. There could hardly be a more inaccurate estimate of the Indian situation. There is no thirst for democratic institutions in this country; there is not even a curiosity to taste them. At least, there is no body of opinion in favor of them strong enough to have found expression in the programme of any organized party or in the utterances of any leader. Even such a high-minded dreamer as Gandhi has nothing to say on the subject. He is an enemy of the "Satanic" British Government—"Satanic," the one adjective that got under the Englishman's skin—he wants self-government; but he never discusses a proposition that it should be *a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.* He seems to assume that any form of *swaraj* (self-government) should have only a limited electorate; the franchise, as at present, should be the prerogative of only the educated or the moneyed. His interest in the "depressed classes," though highly humanitarian, remains paternalistic; they must be helped, their miseries alleviated, by the more fortunate classes. Other Indian leaders take the same general position. Government by the few for the benefit of the many is the farthest breadth of their political ideals.

A student of Indian history is not surprised at this attitude. India has always accepted autocracy as the order of the universe. The divine right of kings has never been challenged by the people. The struggles of the plebs in Rome or the villeins in England to obtain a share in the government have no parallel in this land. The people have not been interested. Popular rights, to their minds, simply are not; they are unthinkable. They have shown a depth of political resignation that to Western eyes can come only from an utter lack of spirit. The only liberties they will fight for are their religious liberties.

Apologists for India occasionally profess to see democracy in the ancient form of local village government prevailing here known as the Panchayet. I cannot see how they do so. Panchayet government is government by the elders of the village—each occupational group being represented by its eldest member. This is not democracy; it is government by the accident of old age. It only goes to show again that in India divine appointment to rulership, not popular election, is axiomatic.

A little reading in Indian philosophy and religions and a little acquaintance with present-day India further emphasize this fact. If you are a Hindu, you believe in the doctrine of Karma and Rebirth. Every action that you do produces a result, and this result will fall upon you, good or bad, as the case may be, in the next life. Thus you are at present making your future; and, more important for practical considerations, it is your deeds and misdeeds in a past life that are responsible for your present happiness or misery. Politically, that means this: a king or a wealthy man was pious and righteous in his last existence, hence his present exaltation; the half-starved coolie, on the other hand, was probably a rascal, and is now paying the penalty. It is no use trying to reverse the position of the two, or even to modify it. That rests with the force of Karma alone. Merely be grateful for your unremembered goodness if you are a rajah, or repent of your forgotten sinfulness if you are a coolie, and accept the situation as eminently just and unalterable. To try to effect political change is therefore not merely useless; it is wicked—it is "kicking against the pricks" of divine order.

A somewhat similar condition prevails among the Mohammedan portion of the population. They are fatalists, as we use the word. For them life is controlled by Kismet. Allah created the universe, wound it up like a clock, and set it running. All future events were foreordained at that time, and no human endeavor can alter them in the slightest. Thus it is as useless for the Mohammedan coolie as for the Hindu to struggle.

But the absence of democratic impulses among the Indian people is more than the mere outcome of belief in religio-philosophical dogmas. It is a national habit of mind fostered by other influences also—partly by a kind of modesty unguessed by Westerners, certainly not by Americans; partly by a tremendous dislike for responsibility.

In this country a man must have a college degree or else show some other even less democratic qualification if he wishes to claim the right of voting. Picture that in America! I once heard an American politician say that a candidate for public office with a college degree had perhaps a two per cent advantage over an opponent without one, *provided he let no one know he had the degree.* Out here a candidate without a degree would have a ninety-eight per cent handicap against him. To be a "graduate" is indispensable; and no Indian with the right of putting a few letters after his name fails to use them. They are worth money and prestige.

This is of course a tribute to the Hindu's appreciation of learning. He knows that the man of education, properly symbolized by a title, is his superior, and he admits the fact ungrudgingly both by lip and by deed. No gibes here at "theoretical college professors" or "learned doctrinaires"! President Wilson's "Doctor" would have been an asset in India.

To assume responsibility, no matter how slight, is a matter of grave importance to an Indian. Usually he "passes the buck." That is one reason why the British rule here has been so easily maintained. British officials are not afraid to bear their own burdens. Captain Watson trying to assume complete responsibility for the loss of the destroyers off the California coast would hardly be paralleled in an Indian navy, if such a thing existed. If you write to an Indian official on some troublesome matter, he usually disposes of it in one of two ways: either he has a subordinate write and sign an equivocal answer or he refers the matter to some one higher up.

Of course it is not fair in this connection to judge Indians by Occidental standards. Positions, jobs of any sort, are much harder to get here than in America. Also men lose their positions more easily, and once out find it difficult to get a dubious record overlooked. There are always a dozen eager aspirants for every vacant post. The whole matter is much more serious than in a richer and less thickly populated country like Amer-

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lea. Hence the greater temptation to avoid responsibility.

The unwillingness to assume duty has been brought to my own notice most strikingly in the college here. In America there is no one more independent and self-reliant than the college student. He resents faculty control of his athletics, his clubs and fraternities, his other extra-curricular activities; and in many institutions he has almost complete self-government. Not so in India. Here the student will do nothing without having some member of the staff to direct him. And if the instructor tries to beg off and urges the student to manage the affair himself he is accused of shirking, and the student complains of "lack of co-operation from those who should be our natural leaders." Every student activity, no matter of what sort, must have a faculty president; even the college paper is edited by members of the English department. And all Indian colleges have essentially the same condition. It is not affection or respect for the instructors that is the cause; it is partly laziness, partly self-distrust, partly fear of the criticism and jealousy of fellow-students.

In the light of all these remarks, it may pertinently be asked how any movement for self-government ever arose in India. This is a subject worthy of much more investigation than has as yet been given it. Partly it is the work of a more courageous, more self-confident group of men; partly it is the work of religious idealists like Gandhi; partly it is the work of men who stand to profit commercially if it is successful. It is the fruition on the one hand of native Indian ideas, on the other hand of Occidental ideas imported into the country within the past hundred years. But, no matter how the movement arose, it is here now, and is moving steadily forward toward some sort of self-rule. So far, however, it shows no signs of possessing any democratic tendencies; and it seems safe to predict that it will be many years after the establishment of *swaraj* before such tendencies gain force enough to give the people as a whole any active part in their own government. The present movement merely tends to displace the British bureaucracy by something Indian not much different from it.

When the Klan Rules

The Specter's Heavy Hand

By Stanley Frost

THE Ku Klux Klan, whatever its faults, has one quality much praised by moralists. It gets action, wasting no time in vain debate. In fact, there is reason to believe that this admirable trait is the chief reason for the tremendous hostility it has aroused. Most of us endure very calmly all sorts of opinions or projects so long as they remain safely elocutionary. It is when the ideas come to life and bite some one that loud anathemas arise. The Klan certainly gets this much tribute from its enemies.

The effect which the Klan produces on the community is the final test of the power and success of the whole movement, and to a large extent of its justification. Its whole purpose is to produce action; it makes almost no attempt to spread ideas outside its own actual or prospective members; its internal discussions are no disputations over theory. Often it cannot even state its own case clearly. Everything is aimed toward the single purpose of changing our community and National life; for this the Klan has built up its autocratic generalship, its solidly welded unity, its secrecy, its terrorism, and its intense emotionalism. And because of all this heaped-up power and this singleness of purpose the impact when the Klan does strike is terrific, even though it is often invisible.

In its actual methods of reforming society, as well as in the general system and strategy described in the previous article,

ONCE there was a man who lost his job, whose landlord raised his rent, whose supplies were cut off, whose milkman disappeared, whose butcher's wagon failed to stop at his door, and whose grocer was boycotted because he sold him food. In this article Stanley Frost tells how and why

the Klan is seldom seen and never heard. It is often, perhaps usually, impossible even to know for certain that it is the Klan that acted, no matter how evident the results may be. The thing is done—that is about all that can be known in any one case. It is a heavy hand that strikes, yet it is as if a specter held the weapon or directed the blow. Only through comparing what has happened in many different places can the methods by which the Klan acts be fairly clearly traced.

It should be understood that neither these methods nor most of the instances given in this article can be definitely proved to have any connection with the Klan. It is too well concealed; thus this report is based on "general information and belief." But because so many similar situations appear wherever the Klan exists and seldom appear elsewhere the connection between the two must be assumed, even if it cannot be proved.

The means by which the Klan acts are ordinary enough in life both in America and elsewhere; most organizations and most persons use them constantly. They are deadly in the Klan's hands merely because of the power and skill with which it uses them—like David and his sling.

There is, for example, the feeling of a lurking menace which the Klan always manages to create in the popular mind. There is doubtless a menace, but the Klan "bluffs" the public far beyond its real strength or its real ruthlessness, just as we all try more or less to make those with whom we deal feel that we are a bit stronger or a bit more determined than we actually are. The Klan "works its bluff" to perfection. The ordinary citizen comes to believe that it is a cruel and determined monster of unknowable strength, working by diabolic methods, through invisible agents, guided by infernal acumen, and able to hurt him through every means that a man dreads. Since so much is unknown, his fears are always exaggerated. There may not be, and in most Klan towns there never has been, any actual demonstration of force. But unless they are themselves attacked men do not care to become involved in a trouble they cannot measure. This holds the bulk of any community neutral and leaves those whom the Klan does attack unsupported and undefended. Klan offi-

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cials deny that they try to terrify people; I cannot say that they do, but this condition of being "bluffed to a standstill" is the first fact to be noted in any Klan community, and so far as my experience goes is never missing.

Putting on the Screws

This fear of the Klan is often so effective that no further weapon is called for; a decree has only to be issued to be obeyed. Probably a great many decrees which never come from the Klan are also issued and obeyed. But when there is resistance the Klan applies with scientific precision either social ostracism or a boycott, or both. After a single demonstration of these there is seldom need of further direct action, and usually none is taken unless for definite punishment or to drive some person from the place.

Let me hasten to say that I am not accusing the Klan of illegal conspiracy in these measures. There is no order to Klansmen to ostracize or stop trading with the obnoxious persons; information is simply given that these persons are obnoxious. The distinction may seem small, but I believe this method has been declared legal in various cases where labor boycotts were involved. Klansmen are free to act on this information or not as they choose, but they all seem to choose to act. Let me quote Dr. Evans on this:

"I know of no case where speakers have advocated and pronounced official boycott. Where called to my attention and information is furnished, they will be summarily removed. It is contrary to law and in violation of the principles of the Klan. This refers to a specifically defined illegal boycott.

"As to the conferring or withholding of patronage by Klansmen because of various attitudes of business or professional men, that is a very different matter. Vocational Klannishness—in other words, the practice of doing business with other Klansmen—is a tenet of the Klan, as of every other fraternity, including the Rotary Club and the Kiwanis Club, which specifically means 'we trade.' It is to be expected that in cases where people are hostile to the Klan or are guilty of un-American practices or of serious misconduct Klansmen will withhold patronage as individuals. If it becomes generally known that certain firms, for example, have discharged employees for no other reason than that they were Klansmen, it would naturally react against that firm with other Klansmen. It is also natural that Klansmen and sometimes local Klans having information of this kind should disseminate it. But a Klansman is always free to act as he pleases on such information."

Work Begins at Home

The first move of a Klan when it starts to clean up a town seems to be among its own members. It makes them behave; several have complained to me that since joining they were no longer allowed to drink! The Klan has rules of conduct and a system of trial and punishment inside itself which are most effective. Nor are the crimes it punishes only those against fellow-members. There is little doubt that the level of conduct is raised among men who join.

The second move is against outsiders, usually against men or women who have offended against the Klan's moral ideas. These are rather strict, being set by the same literal-minded, church-going class of decent people who have given us prohibition, demand strict observance of the Sabbath, and have no sympathy for any sexual indulgences. Often the victims are Catholics, Jews, and aliens, but I have learned of no case in which there was not some definite charge of misconduct against them, as well as the general fact of their faith or race.

Bootleggers seem to be the favorite objects of attack; the Klan crusade against them at Herrin, Illinois, has been widely advertised and has been imitated in hundreds of towns. I find that in some dozen places from which I have information the price of liquor—the best gauge of law enforcement—has risen from two to five hundred per cent since the Klan took hold. Dope peddlers come in for attention, social vice is censored, grafting officials are taken care of, places of amusement regulated, unfair business dealing punished. But there is also much effort put into regulating personal conduct. I have stories of Klan influence being brought to bear on men who maintained illicit relations with women, who failed to support their families, drank or gambled too heavily, or in general "acted scandalously."

Defiance—and the Cost

With most of these a warning, backed by their own fear of the Klan, brings prompt reformation. When this fails, pressure is applied, running through ostracism and boycott up to measures which drive the culprit into exile in extreme cases. The whole procedure can be illustrated by a single case, which is typical in that even the victim himself does not know certainly that his enemy is the Klan. It occurred a few weeks ago in an Eastern State, in one of those communities where the original inhabitants have inbred, fallen rather low, and dropped much pretense of morality. The reformers seem to be newcomers, backed by a few of the better breed of old residents.

In the town which is the center of this community a young man who is steady, hard working, and fairly trustworthy was living with a notoriously vicious woman. He was called to the telephone one evening and advised to leave her. The speaker argued at some length, explained that the example was bad, made the proper bringing up of children harder, and so forth. A week was allowed for action. At the end of that time a second brief warning was given that he would regret it if he was not rid of the woman in three days.

He kept her. On the fourth day he lost his job, for plausible reasons. The next day his landlord demanded an exorbitant raise in rent, for plausible reasons. He found that supplies were cut off; the milkman disappeared, the butcher's wagon failed to stop, and when he went to the stores he could get little attention. At some he was flatly told that his trade was not wanted. By the end of the week only one man would sell him food, and this grocer—who had defied a telephone warning—was brought into line within the next week by the loss of nearly seventy per cent of his trade.

The fight—if it can be called that—was over inside two weeks. The young man moved to a hovel some miles into the country, where friends were at hand. As this is written he is still out of work, living precariously on his friends' charity. Such further orders as have come over the telephones of that town have been instantly obeyed.

As an example of the use of the boycott in punishment, let me submit a list read at a meeting of the Klan in northern Ohio. It is written from memory and incomplete, but nearly enough exact to do for illustration. The speaker made no recommendation of action. He said, in effect:

"I wish to tell you some of the things your fellow-townsmen have done. The Élite Clothing Store sells half-cotton goods as pure wool. Arthur Fredericks, a doctor, is a dope user. John Polaris, a restaurant-keeper, has been trafficking in women. Michael O'Flynn's soft-drink parlor sells white mule. Walter Peters got a slice of that paving contract graft. Jim Brady, the cigar-store man, has a starving wife in Omaha and has been making love to some girls here. Benjamin Strauss, the dry-goods man, underpays his girls, and besides expects too much of them—you understand. Fred

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Preston's drug-store will give you the white stuff if you know the sign. John Barton joined the Klan just to get trade, and has been turned out." And so on.

Censorship on Business

It was an amazingly inclusive list, and on its face showed neither race nor religious persecution. Klansmen there boast that more than sixty men and firms have been put out of business in that town for reasons like this. It seems to work, for when the crowd got back to town late that night not one went into Polaris's restaurant—though it was empty, they were hungry, and some had to wait an hour to be served at other restaurants.

It should be noted that in cases like these the effective strength of the boycott is far greater than the Klan membership. This is due to the spread of information—or rumors—about the man under attack which bring in the support of many outsiders. These may be mere back-fence gossip, but they are more likely the development of "whispering campaigns" to a fine art.

A final means used by the Klan in its clean-up is the laying of information before the regular law officers, and bringing pressure to bear on them. This is the only means officially sanctioned by the Klan of affecting conduct, and is being used increasingly. The fund of information the Klan gathers makes it extremely effective, both in inducing the officers to act and in providing evidence for them to act on. It is wholly commendable.

In some parts of the country there is a strong belief that even though night-riding has stopped the Klan still murders men. Since no case of the kind has ever been proved, it is added that if the man detailed as executioner is ever brought to trial, the Klan through its influence with law officers and jury sees that he is acquitted. I cannot do more than report this belief. These rumors are to be expected in any section where shooting is common and are current concerning any powerful organization there. Possibly they are sometimes true, though I have never heard of one being proved. If any Klan has been guilty, it has been perfectly successful in escaping justice. But if the charges are true they affect only about a quarter of the present Klan, for in the territory where the bulk of its strength now lies I have not found even a whisper of violence.

The question of how much legal officers favor Klansmen in places where the organization is strong is, however, a serious and universal one. Most people believe that there is little chance of a Klansman ever being brought to justice. This belief has somewhat weakened since Philip Fox was convicted of murder in Atlanta; incidentally, the growth of the Klan jumped after this happened. The opponents who had confidently predicted that he would be freed and had emphasized the control the Klan was supposed to have over Georgia courts found themselves caught in their own argument. My own opinion—I have met Fox and must admit a liking for him—is that the Klan does not control the Georgia courts, and also that it made no effort to have Fox freed, but merely to see that he was fairly tried. I do know that his friends hoped he would be found insane—a plea frequent enough outside Klan circles.

What Mr. Underwood Stands For

By

Nelson M. Shipp

will appear in an early issue

Dr. Evans declares that the Klan does not try nor wish to control or influence any court. The Klansman's oath, he says, will not prevent his telling the truth about his membership in the Klan or anything else. To think that a judge would be influenced by fear of the Klan would be an indictment of that official, he adds, and "there is no more need for a public official in the exercise of his duties to fear a Klansman than there is for him to fear the Republican or Democratic parties, if as much, because both parties are in politics and the Klan is not."

The Klan and a Jury

In spite of this attitude and some vigorous efforts to convince law officers of it, there is evidence that in Klan counties it is hard to get convictions of Klansmen. One instance occurred at Macon, Georgia, where several men were on trial for night-riding. The first man up was acquitted, and when the second man was arraigned the Grand Dragon sent a message, which was read to the jury, that the Klan did not support him nor wish anything but justice. On the same evidence as in the first case the jury hung. It seems clear that in sending that message the Grand Dragon admitted his own belief that the first jury had been swayed by fear of the Klan.

There were similar cases in Tulsa, Oklahoma, after the Klan strength there became manifest, and I was told that no Klansman had been convicted of anything since the Klan-supported administration took charge. This is hardly a record to be accounted for by the virtue of Klansmen. There can be no doubt, too, that any officials who owe their election to Klan support will be inclined by common gratitude to give Klansmen all the favors their consciences will allow; some official consciences are very elastic, and the gratitude of politicians is more than that of common men, since re-election depends on it. So there is little doubt that the law in Klan communities is likely to favor Klansmen—as it does certain other classes in other places. But this is an evil of popular government, not chargeable to the Klan unless it puts pressure on the law officers, a matter almost impossible to prove.

On the whole, however, there is a good deal to show that the general effect of the Klan crusades has been good. The circuit judge quoted in a previous article told me that in his district the Klan had done "substantial justice;" an Oklahoma judge confirmed this. Both said that the general morality and decency had been improved. My own observations agree with this. This judgment is of course entirely apart from any question of the good or evil of the methods employed.

A Decrease in Crime

The same thing is true of crimes, even of crimes of violence, in spite of the general beliefs about the Klan. The Klan information bureau has statistics which show a decrease in crime in the States where the Klan is strong. For Louisiana they show thirty per cent less crime in the last two years, and in Texas about the same, together with an increase in convictions. Statistics from such a source are subject to challenge of course; but it is certain that lynching, which might be supposed a peculiarly Klannish crime, has decreased more than half in the year of the Klan's great growth. There are several instances where Klans have helped sheriffs prevent mob violence.

While on the subject of crime it may be well to give Dr. Evans's statement about the Mer Rouge affair, since that is often cited as a complete condemnation of the Klan. This is the first official statement that has come from a Klan leader on the subject, and denies both that Klansmen were guilty or that the Klan refused to help the prosecution.

"The true story of Mer Rouge has not been told," he said. "That is about all the Klan knows about it. It does not know who was guilty nor of what they

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were guilty. It does know that the prosecution of the case has been proceeding on a wrong theory and against the wrong men. It has been accused of not aiding the prosecution; it has had no information that it could give. Some such information, as yet unverified, has recently come to us. If that information proves correct, it will be given to the authorities and the truth will be learned at last."

In all this Klan crusading there has been much talk of abuse of innocent people and of punishment inflicted for the mere fact of opposing the Klan when there were no charges of crime or misconduct. Here again the situation is foggy. Undoubtedly there have been cases of mob violence when there was no least justification for it, and many of these have occurred at times and places where the Klan was active. The Klan's denial of responsibility in such cases is not convincing, since the conditions which make such outrages possible, if not the outrages themselves, are due to the Klan. In fairness it must be added that the proportion of these cases to the total activities of the Klan is very small, and that most of them that I have heard of took place before the Evans reforms.

Muddling Not Stopped

One more point: Dr. Evans and the other leaders are now trying to stop "meddling" with the private conduct of people, as they have stopped night-riding. The rule has been laid down that the Klan shall never take direct action, and that no case shall be acted upon except through the regular law officers under enacted statutes. Dr. Evans believes that "meddling" largely has been stopped, but I am forced to disagree with him. The cases I have cited are all recent and in Northern and Eastern States. There is reason to believe that the evil is decreasing considerably, but it is far from dead.

It will be observed that all these methods of the Klan, including those disapproved by the leaders, are entirely legal, except the doubtful and unproved cases of actual violence. It is hard to attack them in the abstract even on moral grounds, since they are, in the last analysis, nothing more than an organized exercise of the right to like whom we please, associate with whom we please, and do business where we please. All of us do that. We have heard a good deal lately about the immense good to be done by public opinion and "social and economic pressure." Here we have it; the Klan has made it a science!

The objection of course is that this is private justice, outside the law, without trial or the chance for defense. True; but the same can be said of the personal verdicts and preferences which each of us passes and enforces daily. As to the use of rumors, we all act constantly on unproved rumors, and make people suffer from them. The Klan has organized both rumor and opinion, and it would seem at first that there could be no very well-founded objection nor very strong condemnation for merely doing better things that we all do.

Makes Sharp Enmities

Yet there is objection. Almost everywhere that the Klan appears there soon develops very bitter opposition. This comes not merely from the vicious and criminal classes hit in the reform campaigns. That is to be expected and is a good symptom. It comes also of course from Catholics, Jews, and aliens, and has apparently resulted in strengthening the unity of these classes, thus producing an effect directly opposite to that at which the Klan aims. I say "apparently," because, while there are many statements that this is the case, I have been unable to obtain from the Knights of Columbus or the B'nai B'rith answers to registered letters asking for the facts. But this opposition also was to be expected, and in so far as parts of these classes have been working for class or anti-American interests, it is also wholesome.

Entirely apart from this, however, there is strong opposition and intense feeling against the Klan in many places among the very native, white, Protestants to whom it is expected to appeal. The reasons for this are rather obscure, since it seems to be based only in small part on charges that the Klan has been unjust in individual cases, and is frequently accompanied by the admission that it has done good. The reasons given are vague and not fundamental: disapproval of secrecy, of espionage, or the statement that "nobody's got any business doing such things."

There are many people of course who hate the Klan merely because they fear it, and never acknowledge that reason. But the real cause of the most serious opposition seems to me to lie in the complaint against meddling. On analysis, it shows three sound reasons against the Klan methods, even against the modified methods the leaders are trying to enforce. The first is that public opinion and our own accustomed punishment of obnoxious persons are often unjust and unfair, imply a right to judgment which cannot be well maintained, and are tempered by varying opinion in the community as a whole. The evils, overlooked and ignored in ordinary social relations, become magnified and self-condemning when they appear on a large and organized scale.

In the second place, there is a vast difference between pressure applied by the community as a whole and a similar pressure applied, even in the same ways, by a part of the community which has arrogated full power to itself. In the third place, there is no safeguard that the power of the Klan will not be perverted at any moment to all kinds of personal desires—spite, jealousy, revenge, ambition, or plain meanness.

The objections to the Klan on the ground of secrecy and espionage are loud, but very often do not ring true. Most of those I have heard have been from men who themselves belong to organizations more or less secret and more or less accustomed to use espionage. They are anxious for laws which will stop the Klan from using those weapons, but balk when any attempt is made to provide laws which will stop all organizations from using them. This probably accounts for the futility of all anti-Klan laws so far passed. There are of course a few men who are clear-sighted and public-spirited enough to see these things as evils in themselves. Many of them are fighting the Klan, but they do not single it out for hatred above other bodies.

Will Break Up Fast

At any rate, the opposition is there. In some places it has divided quiet communities into hostile factions. In others it is at present hidden, held down by fear of the Klan, but ready to spring into action if ever that fear dies. The Klan, I believe, will be stunned to find how great a baying will arise at its first sign of weakness. The storm which followed the collapse of the Know-Nothings made their name a hissing for two generations, and this will not be less. This suppressed hatred also makes it certain that if the Klan does start to break up its fall will be even faster than its growth.

Important as are these social activities of the Klan, its political power and its results in that field are even more so. It can only be through politics that it may carry out its official aims; it is only in politics that it can even make its social reforms permanent. The Klan denies that it is in politics, yet in the same breath Dr. Evans declares that its programme "must result in political action and can be carried out in no other way."

The Klan in politics will be taken up in the next article

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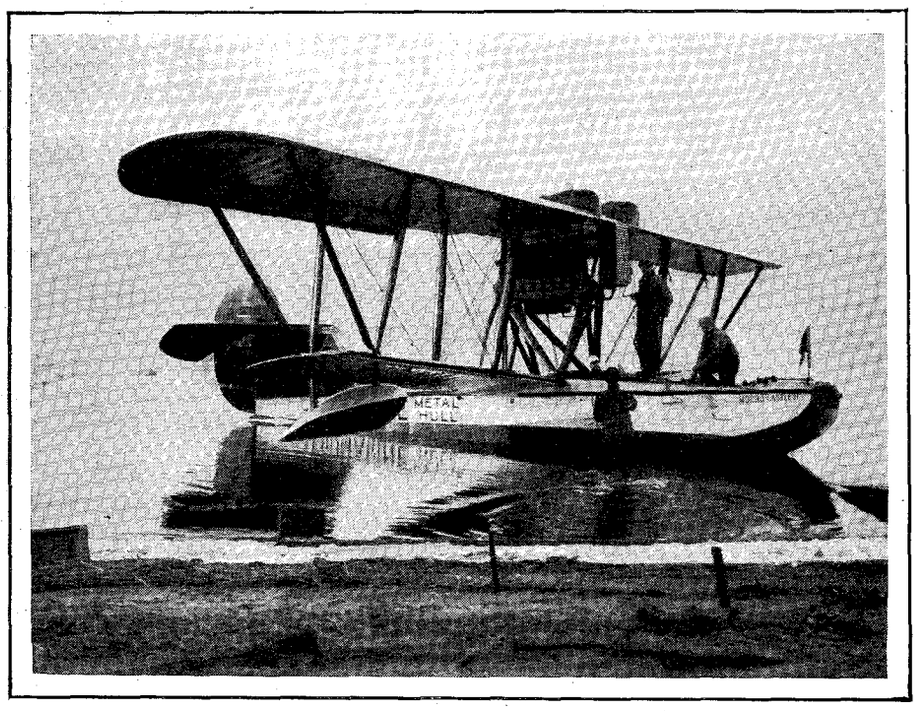
Nosing Into a Gale

Special Correspondence from the Flying-Boat Morro Castle II

By FREDERICK ALAN THOMPSON



The Morro Castle II just before going out to the anchorage for the night; the start took place the following morning. The pilot is in the seat, the mechanic at the crank

ABOVE the open sea off the coast of New Jersey we soared at a level of a little more than a thousand feet, nosing straight into a gale, with squalls of rain, that is reported to have varied in velocity between sixty and seventy-five miles an hour.

Our ship, the Morro Castle II, was the first metal flying-boat built in America. We were starting on a twelve-thousand-mile experimental trip from New York down the eastern seaboard to the southernmost tip of the United States, Key West, and from there over to the islands of the Caribbean Sea, where the Atlantic Fleet would be conducting its winter maneuvers, and return.

On our first day out we ran plumb into the storm that may be remembered to have torn the giant airship Shenandoah from her mooring mast, nearly wrecking the ship and for many hours imperiling the lives of the men aboard her. This gale was the direct cause of the death of three people on the streets of New York City, and in the downtown sections near the sea it literally lifted pedestrians from their feet and hurled them through the air. We flew one hundred and twenty miles deliberately through that gale, straining ahead at times barely a few miles an hour in relation to the ground, while our single Liberty motor, roaring wide open, was sending our dizzily lurching plane through the air at a speed of almost a hundred miles an hour.

When I was invited by the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce to make the long trip, the particular safety of this new metal flying-boat was stressed for me at length. There were six water-tight bulkheads in the hull, I was told, any two of which would be sufficient to keep her afloat should an accident force a landing in the sea. Emergency rations of ship's biscuit and fresh water were carried aboard, and Very lights and sky-rockets for the purpose of signaling for help.

When I had been reassured on these points, it was further explained that the metal construction of the hull marked a most important, though not spectacular, advance in the conquest of that element into which American inventive genius first successfully ventured. The hull was a hundred pounds lighter than a similar one of wood, and it was said to be more than twice as strong. The new metal of which it was constructed, duraluminum, which is the same metal used in the frame of the Shenandoah, corrodes very slowly, I was told, and has such tensile strength that the boat will stove-in without opening up, in the event of a crash, where a wooden boat would be smashed into splinters. Its particular advantage over the wooden boat, so it was explained to me, was that the latter, if left in the water a month or two, absorbs so much water that it is rendered practically useless, whereas the metal boat can be in the water continuously without taking in a drop. Our twelve-thousand-mile trip would require the boat's being in the water four or five months.

As a final, non-technical proof of the safety of the boat, I was told that its pilot, Cyrus Zimmermann, was the brother of the designer and constructing engineer, Paul Zimmermann, and that it was contrary to reason that the former should take too much for granted in regard to his brother's theory and attention to factors of safety, or that the latter should jeopardize the life of a member of his immediate family.

On the morning of our departure, in the middle of the cold and stormy month of January, when the six of us who were to make the trip foregathered on the end of a little pier projecting into the ice-rimmed bay of Keyport, I forced myself to think of these assurances of safety as I gazed aloft, with quite unforced misgivings, at the gray storm clouds streaming across the sky. A stiff breeze from the southeast was already blowing.

Our party comprised Colonel Streeter, Vice-President of the Aluminum Company of America; Elon Jessup, author of a number of books dealing with outdoor sports; W. L. Hamilton, aerial photographer; Cyrus Zimmermann, the pilot; S. F. Walton, mechanic; and myself.

Zimmermann and Walton rowed out to the Morro Castle II, where she was anchored in the middle of the bay. A short while later those of us on shore

FREDERICK ALAN THOMPSON was commissioned by The Outlook to go with the Morro Castle II in its flight to the Caribbean and the maneuvers of the Atlantic Fleet. He started in the gale that nearly wrecked the Shenandoah—but we will let him tell what happened.

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heard the characteristic roar of an airplane motor.

The winged boat skimmed over the waves towards us, two banks of foaming green water streaming back from its bow. The white metal hull presented the appearance of a long racing motor boat. From its center projected the biplane wings, the top wing considerably larger and longer than the lower. On the extreme stern of the boat were the vertical rudder, which controls the turning of the ship in the air or the water, and the tail planes, which control the soaring or diving of the ship in the air. Between the two main wings was a four-hundred-horse-power Liberty motor, and swinging behind the wings a large two-bladed, "pusher" propeller. Zimmermann and Walton were sitting in a cockpit immediately in front of the engine. The deck and the sides came up to the level of their chins, and in front of their faces were individual windshields of heavy plate glass canted at an angle to throw the wind over their heads. In front of them were two other oval holes in the deck of the boat, which were the cockpits for the passengers. Colonel Streeter, muffled to the ears like an Eskimo as a protection against the cold, climbed into the foremost cockpit, and Hamilton, Jessup, and myself climbed into the middle cockpit. All of the passengers, in this type of boat, ride in front of the wings of the plane, with no visible means of support beneath them when in the air.

The small crowd of friends who were at the wharf to see us off stood hopping from one foot to another, clapping their hands together, and otherwise stirring restlessly about to keep themselves warm. The waves of the bay were white-capped. Broken ice slushed at the edge of the pier and along the shore with a sound like the sighing of reed grass in a breeze.

The nose of our boat was shoved off from the pier, and we drifted around, heading up into the wind, towards the lower bay of New York Harbor. The roaring of the motor increased to a deafening pitch. Solid green waves as our bow cut the water were flying up on both sides of us higher than the sides of the boat itself. The shore was rapidly disappearing astern. The boat and all the flying wires used to brace the framework of the planes were vibrating intensely. The motor roared louder and louder. The boat began gently to rock as we sped over the top of the whitecaps at a speed which made the water appear flat. The nose of the boat was rocked gently up again, the planes lifted, the bottom of the boat was off the water; we were flying.

Steadily we mounted a thousand feet into the air, until the country lay below us like a map. Beyond Sandy Hook we could see a whitecapped stormy ocean, with the ground-swells piling up on the shore in a white line that, even from our height, looked very ominous.

"If we had ever gone down in the sea, we'd have been done for," Zimmermann told us later. "Water-tight bulkheads or no water-tight bulkheads, the ship would have been swamped and awash in no time, and whether we would have been able to hang on or been washed out wouldn't have made much difference, as with that offshore wind we would have been driven into the ground-swell and smashed up in the 'boil' on the beach."

The first vessel we flew over, in the open seas by Ambrose Light, was a five-masted square-rigger, reefed down to only a few shreds of sail, and showing, from our bird's-eye view of her, a rim of white foam around her hull as she wallowed through the waves.

High above the spacious-lawned summer cottages facing on the sea along New Jersey's coast we flew. At times, when the wind blew against us with all its fury, we seemed to be standing still. At other times, when these gusts would suddenly relent, we would dip sickeningly for a moment, and at others, when a gust would strike us, we would suddenly soar.

In such weather the pilot has to be flying every minute; things won't take care of themselves, not even a little bit. The air, like the sea, or, for that matter the land too, can be rough or smooth. When it is smooth, which was certainly not its condition to-day, to fly through it is like sailing over a smooth sea or riding on a boulevard. When it is rough, it is more full of sudden ups and downs and side slats and jars than choppy water. There were sudden drops and rises, with the accompanying peculiar sensation in the pit of the stomach that one has on dropping suddenly in a fast elevator. The boat rocked from side to side, one wing lifting suddenly high in the air, then the other. There was a feel of humming tension in the ship, and of sudden strains and lifts. Steadily, however, we were working our way down the shore.

Overhead, not so very far away, the grayish-brown storm wrack was streaming down the wind towards us and past us to our rear. Out at sea—a dark sea flecked with whitecaps—ships could be seen laboring along, burying their noses deep in a smother of foam, then wallowing up for a moment on the crest of the waves. Off Asbury Park we sighted a vessel, low in the water, burning distress signals. Other ships were near her, so we did not take it upon ourselves to go to her rescue. At Long Branch, over which we were now flying, we learned by the papers next day a barge came ashore that night and her crew had to be rescued by the Coast Guard with a breeches buoy. Two barges were sunk that afternoon, one going to the bottom of New York Harbor near Ellis Island and another going down in the high seas off West Bank, New Jersey. That night the little amateur radio set at the hotel where we stopped picked up three S. O. S. calls from ships off the New Jersey shore. The episode of the Shenandoah is too much a matter of history to need repeating. The exact velocity of the gale we were flying through is not a matter of record in New York, as the wind blew off the cups of the Weather Bureau recording instrument.

Squalls of rain struck us. Our windshields, behind which we crouched, threw the water straight over our heads to the rear, so that we hardly felt any of it. Peering out from behind the windshield once, I was stung in the face by the rain blown by the wind into which we were racing at eighty miles an hour as though I had received a charge of rock salt from a shotgun in the face. The two men sitting beside me were blue in the face with cold.

The wind veered more to the east for a while, and, having to quarter into it to avoid being blown inshore, we went "crabbing" down the coast, moving in our intended direction sidewise, rather than directly forward.

The velocity of the wind at the height of a thousand feet in the air is naturally brisker than near the earth; but our pilot preferred the greater elevation because, in the event of something happening to stop the motor, in the time that he would have before the plane from such a height would be brought down on the sea he might have a chance of getting his motor started again. Had we flown low and had the motor stopped, we should have had to drop immediately into the combers, which were running many times higher than our ship, with the probable gloomy eventualities that I have already mentioned.

Barnegat Bay, that long strip of water that parallels the Jersey coast, protected from the open sea by a narrow reef of sand, appeared ahead of us, and our plane dipped in a long chute down to barely ten feet above the choppy inland waters. Here we could come down without mishap.

Barely ten minutes after we had reached it our pilot let the ship be blown to the western shore of the bay; then, heading directly into the wind, skimming over the waves at a velocity of sixty miles

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Departure of Morro Castle II from the icy waters of Keyport Harbor. Left to right: W. L. Hamilton, aerial photographer; Frederick A. Thompson; Cyrus Zimmermann, pilot

an hour, he slowed her up, and we came down on the crests of the whitecaps. The drag of the water caused the bow to lurch up a few feet; then, with a forward-and-aft rocking motion, while the waves flew up on either side of us, we settled down into the water, and the roar of our engine stopped. One of our flying wires, technically known as the left drag wire, reaching from the hull of the ship to the top wing to sustain some of the pressure of the wind on this member, had snapped.

Our mechanic scrambled out of his cockpit onto the lower wing while our ship, kept headed up into the wind, drifted backwards. With the waves licking about his feet, he worked with desperate haste, removing the broken strands of the wire. Then he tightened up the turnbuckles on the remaining wires, which would now have to carry an additional strain. Several times he had to interrupt his work and start the engine, so that we might taxi over the water away from the shore, towards which we were being blown by the wind. Finally he hopped back into his place, the motor roared up again, we skimmed faster and faster over the water, rising until we just touched the high spots of the waves, and, after rocking once or twice, zoomed into the air. We continued our furious pace southward only a few feet above the bay.

Out of the gray mist ahead of us we startled great flocks of ducks which had settled for protection from the storm on the bay. They would rise in clouds before us, their long necks stretched out and their wings beating the air frantically, as, whistling and clamoring, they fled from us. When we tore down upon them, they divided into phalanxes, and as we went charging through them they wheeled off to either side.

At one time, when we were flying two or three hundred feet above the water, a pair of the ducks commonly known as hell divers flew ahead of us. When we were almost upon them and it seemed that we should have to soar or dip to avoid hitting them, which would probably have been disastrous for us both, as they would have been killed and in turn would have broken whatever of our struts or flying wires they struck, they dived straight down the hundred feet or so, screaming, into the bay and out of sight under the water—the highest, straightest dive I've ever seen! Poor fowls of the air, there was something either ludicrous or ominous, depending on one's mood, in our invasion of their element with our great roaring metal man-made flying-machine in such ugly weather.

Over the combers that rolled up on the beach at Atlantic City we flew, again a thousand feet or more in the air. The thought of that missing wire persisted in occupying my attention. On the famous boardwalk of the resort, we could see people swarming out from the houses to the edge of the walk to look up at us.

Two hours and a half after leaving Keyport the rain hit us in a downpour. We landed in an inlet behind Ocean City, New Jersey, and taxied up to a wharf. All but our pilot and his mechanic scrambled out. *Terra firma* was beneath our feet again. I stamped on it to make sure it was real.

The first all-metal flying-boat made in America, flown by an American aviator with an all-American crew, had in the teeth of a sixty to seventy mile gale covered 120 miles in two and a half hours, counting in the half-hour stop; or in two hours flying time. Twice her three tons of bulk had been landed in rough water without taking a drop inside.

She drifted back from us where we stood on the little dock ashore. In the middle of the bay the mechanic threw the anchor overboard, and he and the pilot made the ship snug for the night. A rowboat was sent out and brought them ashore.

And, as further evidence that our flight was not, as one might say, a fluke, on the day following we continued on our way south, flying 320 miles in four hours from Ocean City to the little island of Roanoke, off the coast of North Carolina, after our flying-boat had ridden at anchor in the open all night in the storm that killed people in the streets of New York, sank sea-going ships, and nearly wrecked the largest air machine in the world.

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So This Is the Steerage!

By FULLERTON WALDO

Here is the story of a journey in the steerage to the promised land. It is the third article by Fullerton Waldo on the ebb and flow of America's alien born

THE first sight of the 854 third-class passengers on the Mauretania, bound from Southampton and Cherbourg to New York, was almost overwhelming. It was Babel afloat, with colonies from Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia, Russia, Italy, Belgium, and nearly every other nation one might name, except China and Japan. Japan was well represented in the first cabin, and many of the wealthier immigrants traveled in the first cabin and the second. But the human interest to a sociologist was incomparably among the third-class passengers.

A Third-Class Escape from Class

ACROSS the table from me was a British family of three—father, mother, daughter. Their names were Jewel, and their favorite joke was to say that they ought to travel in the purser's safe. They were leaving England and going to "service" in America because of what they deemed the intolerable condition of the English servant to-day. Father had been in the mercantile marine a dozen years and was in the trenches in war time. He had been a butler in great houses.

"They told us in the trenches," he said, "that war meant an end of the old class distinctions. It was not so. They never let you forget that you are a servant, and that you are not supposed to rise above your class. In America, we understand, people are free and equal."

The daughter, aged sixteen, chimed in: "You can't get a girl in England to be a domestic. They'd rather be typists or work in a factory or do anything else."

"A pound a week," said the mother, "is the best pay in London. And that you can only get in the best houses. I'm a cook. My husband and I hope to get positions together. Daughter will go out to service, if she likes it. My man wouldn't accept the dole," she added, proudly.

"That I wouldn't," he agreed. "It has made some men soft and lazy. It has done great harm."

At my right were two Welsh boys from Swansea, bound to be mechanical engineers. Their visible, audible deity was our fellow-voyager Lloyd George. Supreme was the satisfaction of one when the great man in the midst of a swinging constitutional above the decks stopped him to ask in Welsh who he was and where he was going. "I shall remember that all my life," said the young man.

Two little English boys, inseparable playmates, hailed from Bristol and Bedford. The Bedford lad knew all about John Bunyan and "Pilgrim's Progress." They were mannerly and said, "Thank you, sir," in sweet, clear, fresh voices when you asked them how they were or if they enjoyed the voyage. The Bedford boy told me he was going to "Connecticut, New York," and I found he meant Thomaston, Connecticut, where his father would make clocks and watches.

The Czechoslovaks were among the first of the colonies to foregather and establish their tribal unit aft on the main deck. They did it by means of song and dance to the mouth-organ, and one of the most active spirits carried a zither into the smoking-room and played homesick arrangements of folk-songs to a spell-bound audience. The Jugoslavs were another large contingent—among the largest—and one of their number succinctly said: "In Jugoslavia no work. If work, no pay." A Russian had taken a five years' course in mining engineering at Petrograd, and now, evicted by Bolshevism, he was going to Philadelphia to work in his uncle's pharmacy and—on the side—study political economy at "a university," which one he was not sure. He listened absorbedly and gratefully to a description of the courses at the University of Pennsylvania, and the alternative curriculum of Temple University. The Russian was very pitiful for the clerks of France.

"They get 400 francs a month," he said. "I spent 300 in one week in Paris, yet I saved, and went but once to the opera and once to the theater. A workman gets 20 francs a day, 600 a month. Even with that, how can he support a family? But it is much better than Constantinople, where I have just been. There I got 18 piasters a day, working ten hours. In seven and a half months I had work for but half a month. The tramway to Bebek alone was 12 piasters, and 3 for the tunnel. It is a town of parasites, and they are town parasites. There are no factories. They do not produce. While the Allies were there the restaurants were running full blast. Now they have little or no patronage. Hence there is no work for the Russian nobility, who were glad to wait on the table. All is for the Turks."

There were half a hundred Italians, mostly of one mind as to Mussolini and his usefulness for Italy. One of them said: "I am American citizen. I not for politics. I don't care so long as the country she goes all right. I am in the fruit business in Iowa. In Italy I like the olives and the vines. Plenty of fruit, and life is happy. But I do not care to stay in Italy. America good enough for me. I only go back to Italy to visit a year. Sit around, and talk to people, and drink a little chianti, and hear the music. Mussolini a fine man for the people. Great and strong, like Napoleon. But not proud. Talk to everybody, like you and me. Of course he was all right about Greece."

A Finnish family had a book of songs—the words without the tunes—and one of the girls sang lustily while the rest listened. The key to their confidence was to talk about Helsingfors and the railway station and the good things to eat. They had never heard of Sibelius, but they knew about their great architect Saarinnen, who designed the railway station. The man knew Saastemoinen, the former Minister to America, and H. J. Procope, a member of Parliament. He laughed when I described his Finnish words as long and hard on the jaw.

A Recruit for Harvard

A HINDU was one of the most interesting passengers. His command of English was idiomatically complete. But he was at home not only in Hindustani but in the Bengali of his own province, and in Urdu. He could also do something in a reading way with Sanskrit and the Pali of the sacred writings. He was on his way to Meadville Theological Seminary, and then to Harvard, and had stopped in England to see schools and colleges, and was received with particular courtesy and sympathy by the head master of Harrow. He told me of the efforts of the Gaekwar of Baroda to educate his people, and said that Ranj (Ranjitsinji), the old cricketer, was making a success of his job as Maharajah, if only he did not have to go to England so often to sit in Labor councils or to play cricket. Bhotan, he said, was farther beyond the civilized pale than Nepal, and in some of the na-

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tive states the British resident was the merest figurehead in the King's name. He did not dare to tell a native ruler to do anything, lest he give great offense. For Rabindranath Tagore's teachings the young Hindu was most enthusiastic. "Tagore is not a Christian, but he has Christian white people in his Faculty. He wants the truth. His ideas are too large for denomination and for creed. As for Gandhi—I believe his followers would have risen in revolt had he not asked them to refrain. Sam Higginbotham does a fine work for India with his agricultural machinery. It is true that certain British administrators do not care to understand the native psychology; and some of the Scotch Presbyterian missionaries are unfortunately narrow. But white teachers from abroad who are sincerely devoted are idolized by those they serve. In some places white men are working under and with Indians in complete sympathy. There are great changes in India of recent years. You would be surprised to find how earnest are certain native rulers in their plans for the education of their people."

The Hindu was put in a cabin with a Negro evangelist from Cincinnati, who was returning from a year in Monrovia, Liberia. It was a vivid account the latter gave of conditions in that neglected enterprise of American philanthropy. "From Cincinnati to Monrovia" would make a book. White-label Scotch rye at eight-and-six a bottle works havoc with those who can pay for it. The country is low in the scale of social development and backward in every sort of business. "From the American standpoint, I should say they had hookworms," was this observant black man's opinion; "1823 is living in 1923. There are not 300 whites in 2,500,000 inhabiting an area the size of Pennsylvania. There are two or three motor cars. The President has a nice one—he can ride it forty miles into the hinterland. There is not an inch of railway, but there are telephones. When I wrote my daughter to come out, she said, 'I can see plenty of snakes and monkeys in the Cincinnati Zoo.'"

While a Rumanian from Cleveland was explaining to the Hindu the advantages of living in America I turned to a group of six Belgians, and their spokesman said they were going to Louisiana and to Salem, West Virginia, as expert workers in glass. They were proud of the technical skill of their countrymen and the recovery of Belgian industries from the blows dealt in war time; they were grateful to Brand Whitlock, and still aflame with righteous indignation over German outrages, especially the conscription of Belgian laborers.

What Russians Read

A Russian correspondent of a Berlin newspaper, lately marooned in Constantinople, was coming to America for the first time with an attenuated vocabulary picked up in Constantinople and a boundless thirst for information. "I have read 'Visits of Elizabeth,' by Elinor Glynn," he told me, haltingly, "Edgar Poe" (he pronounced Poe as two syllables), "and Wilde's 'Salome' and 'De Profundis.' We Russians, you know, like that which is tragic. I felt that 'De Profundis' was interesting but not profound."

We had a group of Russian Mennonites who had been two years on their way to the promised land from Odessa. They had been held a whole year at Batum by that cruel cat-and-mouse game which is part of the programme of the Bolshevists toward those who seek to leave their jurisdiction.

The swift Mauretania had not spent the whole of six days when she brought us to Quarantine, where Lloyd George was taken off with tremendous acclaim; and presently the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island side by side drew nearly all the immigrants to the port rail to gaze and speculate as to the length of their detention and the nature of the ordeal.

To most of them that torch-bearing figure, gleaming in the morning sun with its raiment of verdigris, was an emblem exactly antithetic to what the pink brick of the Ellis Island buildings symbolized. Was the Statue of Liberty, then, only a mockery and a contradiction? Was Ellis Island that Black Hole of Calcutta, that abode of wrath and tears, of which newspapers and letters had told them before they left their homes? They gazed in silence, and a pall of gloom descended as they looked. You knew they were wondering how long it would be before they would be released from the ship to the inquisition at the island. To some it was as dreadful as that Isle of the Dead which Böcklin painted, the fit abiding-place of ghosts and ghouls.

Since it was but four days after the

Ready to leave for America (from the Hotel Atlantic, Cherbourg, France)

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first of the month and the quota rush was not yet over, there was a certainty that the aliens would be held on board three days at least, till they could be admitted to the island for examination. So I got off the boat when five coughing tugs had nosed her into her berth at Pier 52, and went to Ellis Island on the municipal ferry to see how immigrants who had already arrived were faring.

The report of Ambassador Geddes, based on observations made by him at the end of December, 1922, does not apply to conditions observable to-day, nor to the effort made by the authorities to amend such conditions as he found at the time of his visit.

When you come into the large reception hall and see the crowds seated in lettered lines upon the benches awaiting their examination, the immediate impression is that it is an extraordinarily well-dressed and decorous company. Gone is the flaming picturesqueness of the costumes of former days. The immigrant maid to-day is ashamed to be different in her dress, or, if she is not, her sweetheart is ashamed for her, and brings out from New York the full assortment of fashionable raiment, so that when she goes from the island she may be as modishly dressed as any girl they meet and he may be proud of her appearance. The entering crowd at Ellis Island no longer wears the aspect of a gypsy encampment. Great is the loss to the picture, and it is hard to tell who are the new arrivals and who are the relatives and friends who have called to see them through the needle's eye.

Before the war 7,000 to 9,000 a day was the number that faced the island inquisition. Now there are 2,000 at most. It is quite possible to enter and leave the island within an hour. On the other hand, there have been men without a country who remained a year or more. But those who enter and leave on the day of arrival are in the majority.

At the time of my visit there were nominally 1,700 beds for those who could not be immediately cleared. But 300 of these beds were taken by citizens of a single nation who for various reasons had to be deported. They would have to wait three weeks for a sailing. Such cases greatly reduce the accommodations available for those awaiting examination, and hence the large number who must be held aboard the ships in the harbor, with the resultant confusion, discomfort, and heavy cost to the steamship companies that play the unwilling host.

Ambassador Geddes cordially disliked the arrangement of the bunks in two tiers, as in our so-called sleeping-cars, but with the constricted space and the niggardly appropriations from our Government the double-deck arrangement seems inevitable. The visitor's first reaction is unpleasant when he sees the berths inclosed by wire above and at the side. But the bunks are thus inclosed because if there were no lattice overhead many a man would jump up and down or dance and annoy his neighbors, and if there were no netting at the side many stealthy hands would reach out to pilfer money from the pockets of their sleeping neighbors. The object of such inclosure is not imprisonment but protection, and the "cages" are merely to assure personal safety and orderly procedure. Persons of refinement and sensitive feeling naturally chafe under what they deem an unwarrantable restriction of personal liberty, but it must be remembered that the arrangements have to be made for all sorts and conditions, and not for the well-behaved minority only. Many who come to the island have a very imperfect notion of the civilized amenities, and if they are not restrained they may demoralize the rest and delay the examination of hundreds who give no trouble and are entitled to an expeditious examination and a prompt dismissal.

The Needs of Ellis Island

THE sum of $2,500,000 is wanted for new buildings—and that is not a cent too much. For it is doubtful if examination on this side of the Atlantic can ever be wholly abolished. While it is certain that the preliminary weeding out should take place overseas and the utmost care should be exercised abroad to avoid exceeding the quota, many things may happen after the immigrant has started on his journey Americawards to make it desirable to submit him again to an official scrutiny when he comes here. It does not take long for a serious illness to develop, and the time at sea may be the incubation period of a contagious malady. As long as Ellis Island continues to function, those whom it examines should be under its own roofs, not aboard ships anchored midstream or moored at the piers and anxious to be rid of their undesired lodgers ere the date of sailing.

Penuriousness in the matter of buildings is matched by parsimony in the matter of the salaries paid to the personnel; $1,900 a year is a niggardly wage for the sort of man the post of inspector requires. There are not enough of these inspectors, though they are coping with the influx in commendable fealty to an overwhelming duty, handling each Marathon rush as the month begins with a fidelity that has elicited heartiest praise of those aware of it.

The floors, with four cleanings a day, are as tidy as imported alien habits permit. Many of the immigrants have less than the Zoo standards. When they had the whole sea for a cuspidor, they spat on deck; and they are inclined to consider the floor as their open sewer and rubbish-heap. But even the most callous can hardly pass through this place without a partial enlightenment and a rudimentary education.

There is a great dining-room, where the food set out is plentiful and of good quality. The tables are spotlessly arranged with paper cloths. A separate provision is made for those who partake of kosher food.

In the dormitories, with cots which for the third class have wire springs and no mattresses, each occupant is given three blankets, and the springs themselves are comfortable. I tried them. The absence of mattresses means the absence of vermin. Second and first class passengers have mattresses and pillows, in rooms used by a small group of persons.

In the general waiting or recreation rooms the men are separated from the women and children, but the men, under proper surveillance, are permitted to visit their wives and families. There is a piazza, divided, and for the children there is a lively kindergarten indoors and a joyous playground, well equipped with apparatus, on the roof. There are eighteen welfare organizations at work to bring distributive contentment, and free knitting materials are supplied to the women.

Most careful and elaborate are the arrangements for speeding the immigrant on his way after he has been examined. In the ticket-room each traveler is given his proper transportation and is labeled to go with a guide to the railway station in New York or to be taken on a special boat from the island to a Jersey City terminal. There is a money exchange which saves many a poor greenhorn from being fleeced by those who lie in wait for the unwary in great cities. There is a canteen where ice-cream and other dainties are served, and train lunches are put up in boxes.

Ambassador Geddes has expressed pity for the lot of those detained and awaiting a decision as to admission or deportation. Whenever possible, special courts of inquiry on the island reach an immediate conclusion. Reference of the more complex cases to Washington as the court of last resort seems a justifiable procedure. The check imposed and the deliberation entailed give emphasis to the fact that American citizenship is a privilege worth waiting for and never to be lightly regarded.

Aboard the Mauretania, Inward Bound.

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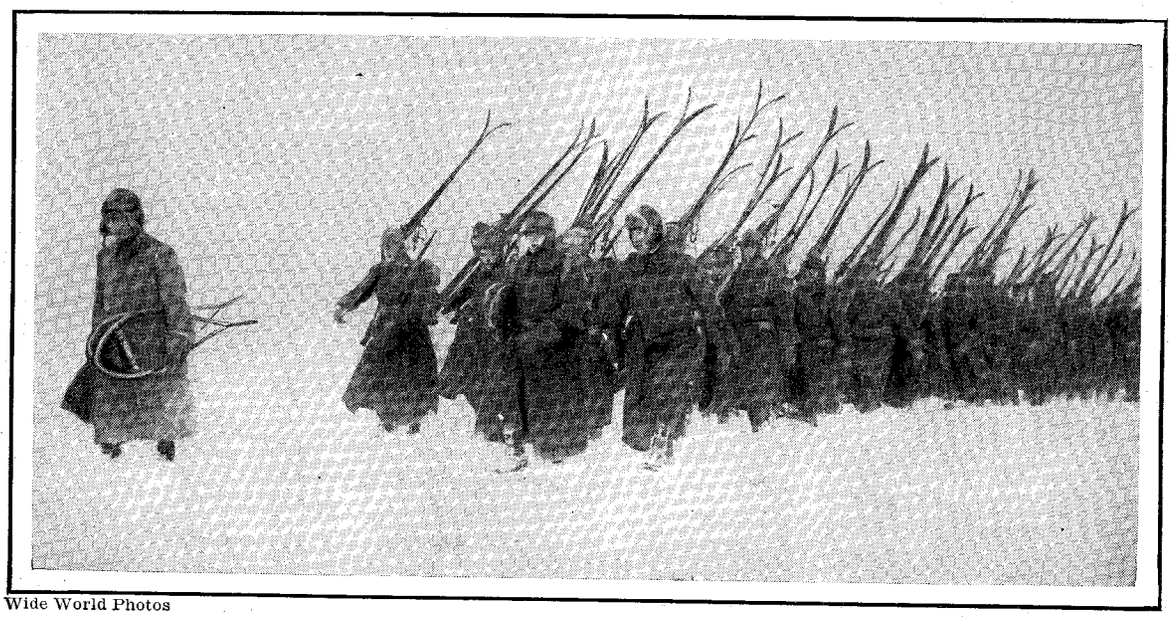
DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

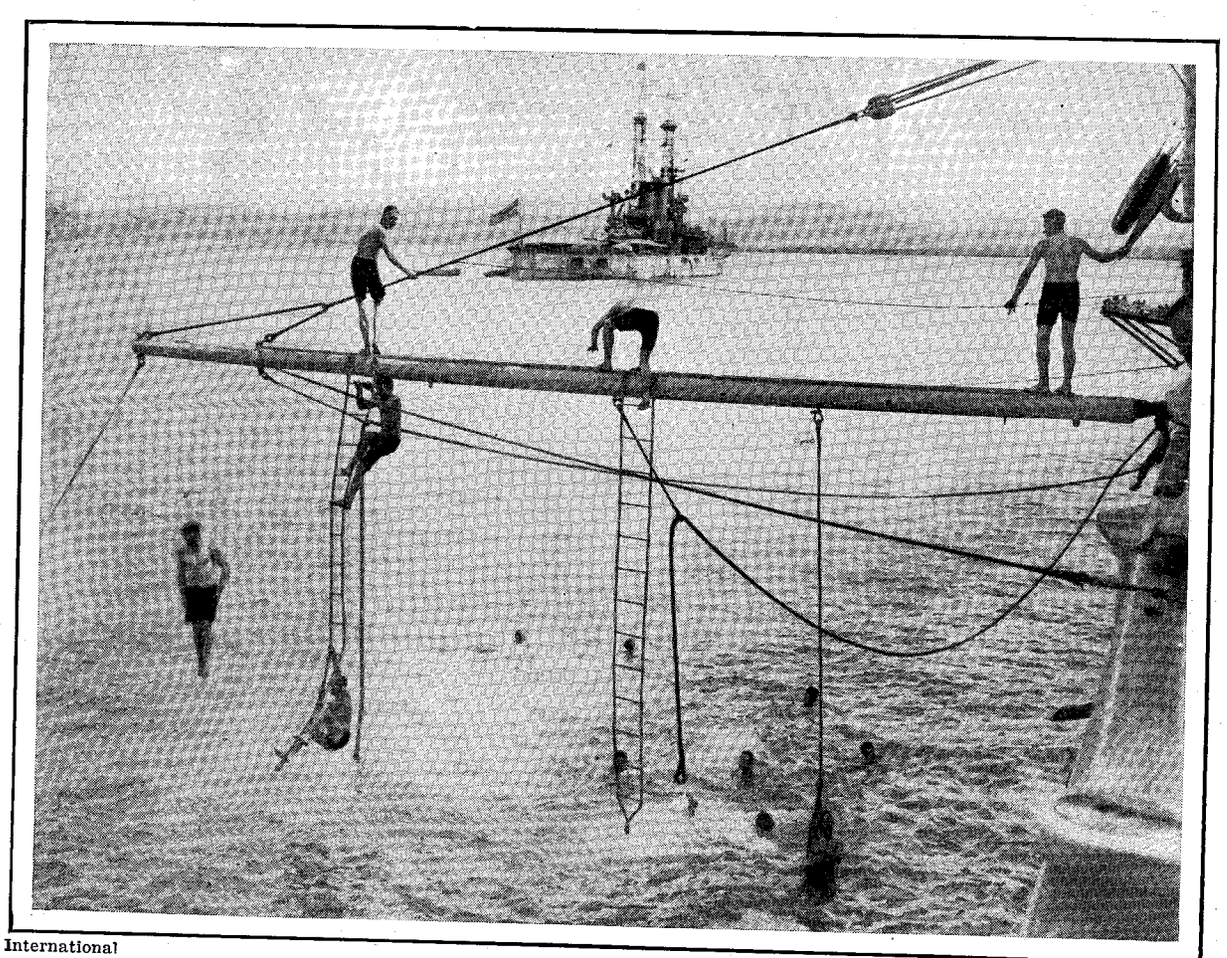
Which Recruiting Service Will These Pictures Help Most?



Wide World Photos

Doughboys of the Northwest Hiking with Skis

Here are the Third Infantry, U. S. Army, stationed at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, on the "last long mile" of an unconventional hike. Besides skis their full equipment includes snow-shoes, goloshes, and the regular pack



International

The Gobs seem to have an Easier Time than their Friends in the Army

These boys are with the flagship of the American fleet at the winter rendezvous in Southern waters

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The Book Table

The Sport of Kings

By Edmund Lester Pearson

THERE came into my office the other day a man who has done more (so says a high authority) to popularize book-collecting than anybody else in the United States. He has shown, according to the same authority, that the collecting of books is not a pastime reserved for the rich, but one which may be enjoyed by the poor man as well. I was a little skeptical whether anybody had done this, although I did not doubt for an instant that he is a delightful man and a widely informed writer upon bibliography, and that it is a pleasure to see him in person. He occupied in print a weekly column just to the northeast of mine in a newspaper for fourteen years, after which I fell out exhausted, while he is still carrying on. To my question whether book-collecting is really, in his opinion, possible for the poor man, he replied, quietly, that it was perfectly possible, adding that he was a poor man—and look at him!

In the course of conversation he told me something about the books which he has stored in his house. After he had mentioned only a few of the items my envy was tempered by deep thankfulness that I do not have to pay either insurance premiums or a personal-property tax upon such possessions. Then he opened a bag and took therefrom "a little trifle" which he thought might interest me. It was a letter, all in autograph, written by Napoleon Bonaparte, long before that gentleman had begun to sign simply a colossal "N," but when he was merely *"Buonaparte, officier d'artillerie,"* and therefore all the more precious. This was suitably protected in a handsome and especially made case of rich red morocco, stamped in gold with the imperial bumblebees. The mere case looked as if its cost would depress a poor man's pay envelope beyond recovery. And later, during luncheon, this person who is bringing the collection of books within the reach of all, described a beautiful little "Book of Hours," temporarily in his keeping, and added, with a sigh, that he supposed that he ought not to buy it, as the price was about a thousand dollars.

At this I leaned across the table and coarsely and colloquially asked: "Say, what do you mean—*poor* man?"

Book collecting, like polo, international yacht racing, and convulsing the stock market, is the sport of kings, and it has been that for over a century—ever since the Duke of Roxburghe bought his First Folio. The typical book-collector, the writer of reminiscences, is forever chuckling in glee over some treasure that he picked up for a mere song—no, less than that, hardly a ditty—oh, the absurdest trifle in the world! Why, will you believe it, sir, he bought that priceless uncut copy for—no, he cannot bring himself to mention such a disgracefully small figure. Besides, our currency, not having kopecks or milreis in it, has scarcely the words to express an amount so infinitesimal. Well, if you will have it, he bought that book for the mean, twiddling sum of seven thousand five hundred dollars! Why was he not struck dead upon the spot for an act so penurious?

I confess to being bored by the auction-room adventures and salesroom exploits of our best literary book-collectors. A fair amount of envy doubtless embitters my soul when I look upon some of their possessions, but, frankly, I care no more for the financial maneuvers by which they were obtained than I do for any other stock-market operation. The books for which they paid eighteen dollars are often very desirable in my sight; while those for which they paid eighteen thousand may be extremely tiresome. From a literary standpoint they have the exact fascination of so many Liberty Bonds—they fetch a certain amount of money, and there their charm ends.

It is told that the late A. T. Stewart once acted as toastmaster at a dinner, and that he began by glancing severely up and down the tables and rapping on the board in front of him with a lead-pencil. Whereupon a certain wit of that day, whose stammering utterance added as much to the flavor of his remarks as his irreverence for prominent personages, convulsed the entire gathering by calling out in a bleating voice: "C-c-c-cash!" This anecdote recurs to one upon opening some of the book-collecting memoirs. And the dull adventures—how they went into such and such a dealer's place, were offered a book for so many hundreds, but did not buy, how they repented after reaching home, and telegraphed, and so secured the treasure—all these personal and unimportant details add to the general dreariness.

Mr. Arnold's "Ventures in Book Collecting"[1] contains samples of the poorer sort and also of the better sort of writing in a volume of this kind. About four-fifths of the book, after the first chapter, is about his books themselves, and not about collecting and buying them. It takes some kind of a quaint genius of the stripe of Eugene Field, a man with the literary gift, to make the latter subject readable. But any tolerable enthusiast can hardly fail to attract and even charm his reader when he has books to describe and quote with the interesting associations of these in Mr. Arnold's library. And his autograph letters—many of which are reproduced in facsimile—must warm the heart of readers, like myself, who are dull and insensitive toward the alleged fascination of printer's errors, disputes about priority of edition, and the other pin-points which vex the souls of the "Byzantine logothetes" among collectors and dealers.

Mr. Arnold was for years a general collector of books and autographs, but in 1901 sold the greater part of his library and devoted himself to two writers—Tennyson and Stevenson. In this book, generously illustrated, he reproduces or quotes letters of Scott, Dickens, Goldsmith, Johnson, Queen Victoria, Mrs. Stowe, Charlotte Brontë, and Lady Hamilton, among others. Mrs. Stowe writes to Prince Albert in most complimentary strain, begs to be pardoned for her lack of acquaintance with the proper forms of address toward royalty. But she does pretty well, inasmuch as she lets the Queen and the Prince share with Deity the distinction of the capital letter in "Him," "Her," and "His." Marian E. Lewes writes to inform a friend that she has been composing novels, and that one of them has, much to her surprise, sold fourteen thousand copies; she calls herself as a writer "George Eliot," and the book is named "Adam Bede." And Dickens writes characteristically jolly letters about dining and about amusing recollections of America—addressed to his American friends.

The Tennyson chapter is excellent. Here we get something of the man Tennyson, not the blunders of his printers nor the vagaries of his bookbinders. A persistent American admirer badgered Tennyson for an autograph "with a sentiment." He repeated the request again and again, until Tennyson sent him this:

A. Tennyson
sentiment:
"Ask me no more."

I have found the recollections of the London bookseller, Walter T. Spencer,[2]

[1] Ventures in Book Collecting. By William Harris Arnold. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.

[2] Forty Years in My Bookshop. By Walter T. Spencer. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $6.

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livelier and more to my taste than the book by the American collector, Mr. Arnold. Here, again, of course you get more or less about prices, but in a book by a dealer this is both natural and excusable. Mr. Spencer talks fully as much about the folk who have haunted his shop as about the books themselves. And his talk is good talk.

He is a Dickens enthusiast, and that alone warms any honest heart in days when the distressing literary prig now and then arises to sneer at Dickens. There are four chapters about Dickensiana, and among the illustrations in color are a number of pictures drawn by "Phiz" for the Dickens novels. Mr. Spencer's customers included almost all the important literary figures of England for the past four decades. His chapters form moving pictures of bookmen: Stevenson and Lang and Gladstone, Meredith, Tennyson, Hardy, and Wilde. One passage is devoted to a visit from children of President Roosevelt, and another whole chapter to other customers from America. An odd bit recounts the visits of Mr. Heinz, the pickle man, who made the number 57 famous. He came to buy large illustrated books on costume, to amuse during luncheon hour the girls who worked in his pickle factories. Swinburne would come storming in, shrilly complaining of his landlady, who had waked him at eleven instead of twelve, and Ernest Dowson would sheepishly send a friend to sell a manuscript in order to buy whisky. Authors are seldom at their best in book-shops or libraries. All their peevishness seems to come out.

The New Books

FICTION

COAST OF FOLLY (THE). By Coningsby Dawson. The Cosmopolitan Book Company, New York. $2.

"Jelly-fish washed up on the coast of folly," the grandfather of Joyce Gathway called the social set in which she drifted nearly to destruction. Of the manner in which she developed a conscience and a backbone, and finally won clear of the reefs, Mr. Dawson has made an effective story, in the course of which he employs some modern frankness in upholding old-fashioned ideals. Joyce is a lovely creature, credibly described as innocent, less so as exquisite; for it might fairly be considered innate moral bad taste for the most innocent of girls, convinced of the most harmless intentions on both sides, conspicuously to monopolize for a season the attentions of a married man whose wife desires to divorce him. She pays dearly for the error, nor does Mr. Dawson fail to set warning signals, earnestly and carefully, at all the proper points in relating her career of narrow escape and redeeming struggle. No doubt the young girls who, fortunately or otherwise, are sure to form a large proportion of his readers, will discuss the book with ardor, and pronounce it thrilling and uplifting. Readers more sophisticated—in literature, not in the ways of gilded youth—are likely to find the story interesting, but to accept it much less seriously.

DAMASCUS GATE. By Ernest Raymond. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

Two cousins, Oscar and Lella, opposed in temperament and opinions, friends from childhood, never in love with each other, yet give each other an affection so deep and understanding that its influence upon their lives rivals that of the passionate love which each experiences for a married mate. This, with the working out of their opposite ideals, affords the theme of Mr. Raymond's unusual novel. It is not always convincing; it lacks proportion, and has many crudities. But there is real vigor and vitality in the leading figures and an interplay of character much beyond that often to be found in novels more artistically correct and finished.

GARDEN OF PERIL (THE). By Cynthia Stockley. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

There is hardly to be found a conjunction of two words more suggestive of horror than "slow poison." In fiction a poisoning should belong to either a tale of absorbing plot and mystery or one of tragic emotional power. Miss Stockley's latest novel can be placed in neither class. There is no attempt at mystery, and the murderously inclined wife is an unimpressive, trivial creature, easily thwarted by the too-ingenuous heroine. Doubtless in real life murderesses are oftener venomous cats than predatory tigresses, and Doria's lack of criminal distinction is excusable; but there is about the entire narrative a cheapness of style and characterization only partially veiled by that South African glamour so valued by Miss Stockley's admirers.

LASS OF THE SWORD. By C. E. Lawrence. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Woodland glade, winding highway, knight, lady, squire, villain, witch, dwarf—all these tried and tested elements of romance are provided in C. E. Lawrence's tale. Less usual is the heroine, a maid-at-arms errant; and in the concluding episode a real novelty is achieved, when the lovers together receive knighthood from their emperor's hand, and duly arise from the accolade "Sir Tristram" and "Sir Rosalind." "Sir Rosalind"! There is a fine triumphal ring in the words, but they set the reader's fancy ranging somewhat widely from the story. Why not "Sir Britomartis"? Or "Sir Joan of Arc"? Or, in the tamer chivalric survivals of our own day, why differentiate knight and dame—why not "Sir Margaret Lloyd George"?

THOUSAND AND FIRST NIGHT (THE). By Grant Overton. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

There are but four living characters in this curious novel—Evan Lloyd, Cynthia Fanning, Cynthia's grandfather, old Captain Magellan Fanning, and the Captain's black cat Affonso—and the entire action among them takes place between sunset and dawn. But inseparably interwoven with their actions of a night are the actions, traditions, memories, inheritances, and influences reaching out to them from the romantic and adventurous past from English, Welsh, and Portuguese ancestors: Fannings, Owens, Lloyds, and Da Gamas, as far back as even Vasco Da Gama himself. It is easy to understand how any reader accustomed to the smooth, rapid, and orderly sequence of most modern fiction might soon cast the book aside, bored and irritated; it is equally easy to understand how another, even one only a degree less bored and irritated, might be lured in spite of himself to persist to the end. For with however many wanderings back and forwards, through however many intricacies, with whatever passion or pause, the tragedy does move forward, and does convey in its movement a sense of the footfall of fate.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

GEORGES SEURAT. By Walter Pach. Fourteen illustrations. Duffield & Co., New York.

In so far as a painter's work can be interpreted to the general public through monotint reproductions, we have in this opening volume of a series (The Arts Monographs) an admirable piece of book-making. The attempt is perhaps the more successful in the case of Seurat because his primary interest was in form. The appreciation of the artist by Walter Pach is discriminating, clear, and well informed, and will do much to give the artist the place in the estimation of American picture lovers that Pach believes the Frenchman deserves. Of the "Baignade," refused at the Salon of 1884, the critic says: "To see the picture to-day is to accept 1884 as one of the landmarks in the history of modern art, for it is with this work that Seurat reaches his maturity."

WILLIAM GLACKENS. By Forbes Watson. Eighteen illustrations. Duffield & Co., New York.

The charm which Glackens exercises both as a personality and a painter is well set forth in this volume of the Arts Monographs series. The monotint reproductions of his pictures are unusually successful in conveying a hint of their

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essential quality, and the comment by Forbes Watson includes an entertaining sketch of Glackens's typically American career as an illustrator who finally found himself as a painter, with an illuminating estimate of his standing as an artist. The following passage refuses to leave itself unquoted: "Painting is his problem. In this he is completely absorbed. He plays, works, lives with paint. In the early days he reported events for the newspapers. Now he reports whatever he sees that tickles his fancy and gives him a chance to play with color."

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

WRITING THE SHORT STORY. By J. Berg Esenwein. Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, New York.

We have as many books on how to write a short story as our grandfathers, when young, possessed manuals on moral conduct. This is a new edition of one of the best books about story writing. It contains more information on the subject than Poe, Maupassant, and Kipling owned all together. To read it will not make anybody a writer of short stories, but it may cure him of some faults and remove misunderstandings.

ESSAYS OF TO-DAY; AN ANTHOLOGY. Edited by F. H. Pritchard. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

More than thirty essays, practically all by writers born in the British Isles. The essayists are living, or have been living until recently. The book is harmless and pleasant, but not especially important.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ISLES OF ILLUSION. With a Foreword and Edited by Bohun Lynch. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $3.

Beauty is in the beholder's eye, and if he does not see beauty it is largely his own fault. Stevenson went to the South Seas and found beauty and romance, and so has many a later follower in his steps. But if one has an eye for disfiguring blemishes and a nose for disagreeable odors, those are the things that will impress themselves upon him. The anonymous author of this extraordinary book has first of all a discriminating faculty for seeing the seamy side of life—and living it too. This colors the entire narrative.

Perhaps he could not have entirely escaped this slant in his letters (which constitute the book), because of his social environment. A highly educated man, he went to the South Seas as an adventurer and saw life there as the exploiting trader and the exploited native see it. The details of the contact between white Philistines and decadent islanders are exposed with the plain-spokenness of a medical treatise. Nevertheless the book is literature. Never before, we believe, has a picture of life in the islands been painted in more vivid colors. The popular books published in recent years on this subject seem pallid romanticism beside the ghastly realism of these pages. Parts of the book, in their frank revelation of the author's experiences, remind one of Rousseau's "Confessions." Other parts bring to mind the plain speech of the early navigators in their descriptions of the social codes of the islanders. The author prides himself on writing as "one who knows, not as a journalist or novelist." Doubtless there is plenty of life such as he knows, but there is also a saner and healthier life. That is what the missionaries whom he abuses are working for, despite their mistakes and limitations.

BIOGRAPHY

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE LINCOLNS. By Ida M. Tarbell. Harper & Brothers, New York. $4.

Americans never tire of reading about Lincoln. Fortunately for them, biographers and students of the career of the great President have been active in the past year or two, making interesting discoveries about his early days and antecedents. Some of these books about Lincoln will be discussed in a forthcoming number of The Outlook. In the meantime attention is invited to this book by Miss Tarbell. She has investigated the earliest members of the Lincoln family in America, following them from Hingham, Massachusetts, through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Virginia to Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois. She finds new and entertaining anecdotes, but her most important contribution is toward the destruction of the legend of the "shiftless" Lincolns. She finds them to have been sturdy men of ability, usually well respected by their neighbors and townsfolk. The book is notable for its illustrations, which are especially interesting and valuable.

MISCELLANEOUS

MYSTERY OF WORDS (THE). By Raley Husted Bell. Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, New York. $1.50.

A brief and interesting book on linguistics, discussing speech, oral words, slang (toward which the author is severe), and the meaning and history of words.

OLD SONGS IN FRENCH AND ENGLISH. Illustrated by Rie Cramer. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

About a dozen old songs, in both languages, with the piano accompaniment. The feature of the book is Rie Cramer's illustrations, which are dainty, beautiful, and exactly suited to the contents of the book. A charming gift.

PLEA FOR MONOGAMY (A). By Wilfrid Lay. Boni & Liveright, New York. $4.

It hath been observed of old that he who sits on the extreme left may continue to edge over until he finds himself with those conservatives who sit on the extreme right. To find this eloquent plea for the old-fashioned system of one-man-one-wife is nearly as amazing as it would be to see Miss Amy Lowell heading a procession to decorate the grave of Longfellow or to find Mr. Debs wearing a Coolidge button. Mr. Lay is at odds with the schoolboy who wrote about "the Greeks, among which people a man had but one wife, and so the custom was called monotony." And he rises in defense of the corner-stone of our morals.

STORY OF A GREAT SCHOOLMASTER (THE). By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

There is nothing harder to convey than the reasons why his pupils or his friends believed that a teacher was a great man. The influence of a great teacher is personal and intangible; it is true of him in part, as it is true of the actor, that he models in snow. His art dies with him. This is not wholly true of the teacher, of course, because his work lives in the men and women he influenced. But his classroom presence does vanish when he dies, and it is usually that to which his old pupils lovingly refer.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the reader of this book about F. W. Sanderson, head master of Oundle School, has to take Mr. Wells's enthusiasm for granted. He tells us that Sanderson was a great teacher, and we are ready to believe it. He quotes bits of Sanderson's talks, and the belief is certainly not strengthened. Sanderson died suddenly, a year or two ago, leaving his work incomplete. Mr. Wells finds little comfort or reason in this loss, and is too honest to pretend that he does.

Books Received

FICTION

HIGHWAY (THE). By Caroline Atwater. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $2.

HOARDING (THE). By John Owen. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

SNOB (THE). By Helen R. Martin. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

SON, AND OTHER STORIES. By Ethel Train. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

JEANNE'S HOUSE PARTY. By Alice Ross Colver. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

JUDY. By Temple Bailey. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $2.

STARLIGHT WONDER BOOK (THE). By Henry B. Beston. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $3.

BIOGRAPHY

PUBLISHER'S CONFESSION (A). By Walter Hines Page. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $1.50.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

FUNDAMENTALS OF MUSIC. By Karl W. Gehrkens. The Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. $1.50.

HIGHLIGHTS AND TWILIGHTS OF MORNINGSHORE. By Sarah Satterthwaite Leslie. The Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company, Chicago.

ONE ACT PLAYS: Marse Covington, The Mayor and the Manicure, Nettie, Speaking to Father. By George Ade. Samuel French, New York. 50c. each.

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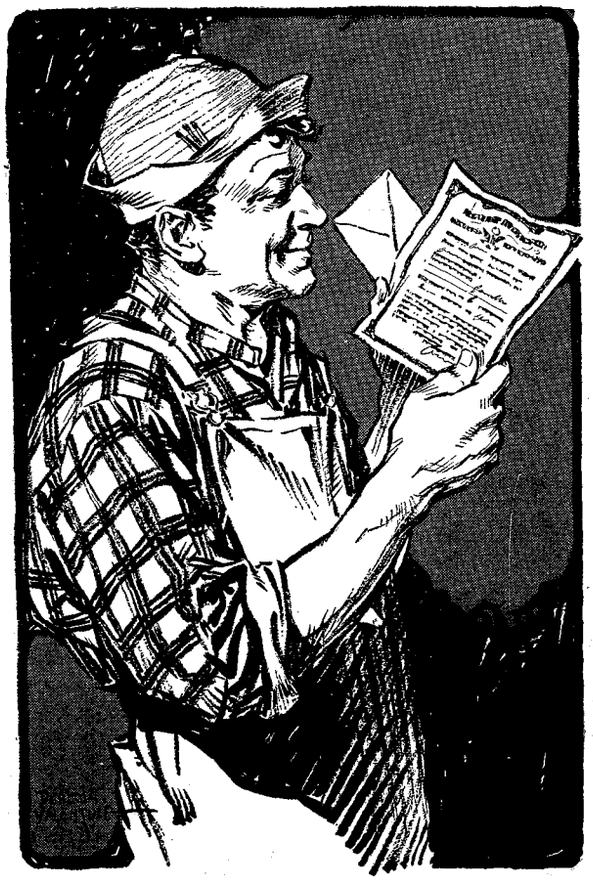
How GIUSEPPE wrote history that helped build an industry



Incidents that have pointed the way—No. 2 of a series.

TEN YEARS AGO Giuseppe went to the big steamship office and bought a ticket. Then, bending under the weight of two heavy bags, Giuseppe trudged up the gangplank and made his way to the steerage.

His destination? America! The land of opportunity! Several days at sea and then Giuseppe's eyes beheld that which to him had been through all his childish dreams the center of his life, the dawn of a new light, the very heart of the universe—the Statue of Liberty.

One day a few years later, Giuseppe went to work in a big steel mill, and there, standing in the bright glare of one of the huge furnaces, was an old steerage friend, Steve Moreno. Each recognized the other as two brawny hands shot out and clasped joyously.

"Fine place to work," drawled Steve. "Yes, fine place. My boss help you to get your 'papers.' Got 'papers' yet, Giuseppe?"

Steve had to explain what he meant by "papers," how the boss helped him to pass the examination and become naturalized, an American.

Giuseppe's boss heard of the struggle toward citizenship and lent a helping hand. He told Giuseppe how to apply for the "papers," with their ribbons of red, white and blue.

Weeks of laborious study followed. Bit by bit Giuseppe mastered the "American language."

At last a great day came which was to make him an American—he went up for examination.

Presently Giuseppe labored over his first letter to a company official.

"Now I am an American and I thank you, kind sir, for helping me," it read.

This one immigrant's simple letter gave birth to a real enthusiasm for Americanization work, which is now an important part of the industrial training conducted by The American Rolling Mill Company.

The pen that wrote Giuseppe's simple letter of gratitude has inscribed an important chapter in industrial history.

To-day more than 90% of the foreign-born workers on the company's pay-roll are American citizens!

Each of these workers has caught the spirit of Armco and recognizes this obligation in the collective effort of Armco men working together to produce a quality product known to the world as ARMCO Ingot Iron.

WHAT INGOT IRON IS

Ingot Iron is a long-lasting *iron* used in the manufacture of washing machines, stoves, gutters, down spouts, and practically every article having parts made of sheet metal. Ask your hardware dealer or sheet metal contractor for ARMCO Ingot Iron—look for the Armco label. Write for interesting booklet, "What Causes Rust?"

ARMCO

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Middletown, Ohio

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942 Northern Pacific Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Mr. Smith:

This summer, I expect to spend my vacation in the Pacific Northwest, leaving here

.....and getting back.....

(Check—√—cities, or resorts in which you are particularly interested.)

The Minnesota Lakes
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Montana Rockies
Seattle—Alaska
Portland
Yellowstone Park
Flathead Lake Country
Tacoma
Butte
Spokane
Rainier National Park
Colorado

The purpose of my trip is primarily
(*Check*)
Pleasure Health Sight-seeing
Business All Four

but I should also like to see something of these phases of Western life:
(*Check*)
Mining Irrigation Fruit-raising Cowboys
Lumbering Indians Wild Animals

I prefer to spend a good part of my vacation:
(*Check*)
Fishing Camping Out In the mountains
Golfing Beside the Sea In Cities
In Yellowstone and Rainier Parks

I understand that, this summer, the Northern Pacific will offer exceedingly low rates to Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Northwest. Please tell me what a ticket will cost from.....to
.....and return.

I understand, too, that all your through trains are equipped with observation cars and that your dining car service has the reputation of being the most satisfactory of any western railroad. Give me, please, details of these features of your service.

Name.....

Street and No......

City and State.....

*Your vacation should be the happiest experience of the year. Let me help you make it so. A. B. Smith

Northern Pacific Ry.
"2000 Miles of Startling Beauty"

417B

The Battle of the Bonus[1]

By ED STREETER

Author of the "Dere Mable" Letters

Dere Mable,

I JUST received your picture post card from Washinton an have stuck it in my war album. Id like to get a chanct to look over some of those locul battel fields myself. Its turrible to think of the acers of devustated desks an of the brave lads that stuck by em till they passed out from loss of ink. I knew a private once what fought the war in Washinton. Hes drawin disibility pay now for a parilized right arm. But that aint what I took my pen in hand to write you of.

Its this Bonus bisniss thats botherin me. I wish youd get me the real inside dope on it if you happen to be talkin to Mr. Coolidge the well known presydent some day. It aint that Im mixed up on where I stand. I know *that* all right. Id just like to find who started all this an give him a chanct to see if his war risk insurance still works or not.

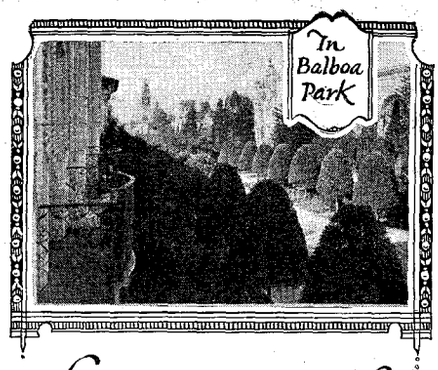
Theyve been pullin an haulin me from pillow to post about this thing ever since you went away. There aint a day somebody dont come up to me an ask me for my views. Its the first time anlybodys wanted em since the day I brought the picture post cards back from Paree. But them was views worth askin for. Which is a French joke an I guess you wouldnt understand.

One day its the Ex-Service Mens Aunty Bonus league thats after me to sign up with their outfit. Next day another bunch is tellin me Id be a dumbell to do that cause all I got to do is to sit tight an holler an Washinton will have to come across with the price of a second hand Ford Poco Pronto. To use a French idiot of speech. All of which was confusin till I got onto the idear of what they was talkin about.

The Sliver Tongued Oraters call it adjustibel compinsation, whatever that means. I call it a handout an handouts was over for me when I marched off the dock at Hoboken. At last Im on a self supportin basis as the man wrote his wife when he hung himself. I dont need no more free movies, not Paris Heralds, nor feetless socks to wear on my rists nor nothin. Im workin now—An it aint the govermint nether.

But when I tell these Bonus fellows that they look at me like I was missin some of my buttuns. They say dont I know the govermint owes me money. It seems that accordin to the rules of the Patryots Union they forgot to pay us overtime or somethin. Maybe its for smoothin out horses on Christmas. I

[1] This is quoted by permission from a pamphlet issued by the Legion Post of the City Club of New York.



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This booklet tells a wonderful story about San Diego, California. Sign the coupon and get it free by return mail.

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over the new San Diego & Arizona Railway, operated in connection with the Southern Pacific, Rock Island and the E.P.&S.W. GOLDEN STATE ROUTE, or by way of the Southern Pacific SUNSET ROUTE, via New Orleans, in connection with the San Diego & Arizona Railway, and enjoy a daylight ride through magnificent Carriso Gorge and old Mexico.

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San Diego, California

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$10,000 in prizes for Short Stories to be given by HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Four Competitions:

1st Competition: From Jan. 1, 1924, to March 31.

2nd Competition: April 1 to June 30.

3rd Competition: July 1 to September 30.

4th Competition: October 1 to December 31.

For the best stories submitted in each of these competitions the magazine will offer a first prize of $1,250, a second prize of $750, and a third prize of $500.

The Judges

The three judges will be:

MEREDITH NICHOLSON, novelist, essayist, and philosopher.

ZONA GALE, author of "Miss Lulu Bett" and "Faint Perfume."

BLISS PERRY, professor of English Literature at Harvard University and former editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Synopsis of the Conditions

(Which may be found in full in Harper's Magazine for February, or obtained from the publishers on request.)

1. The contests are open to all American (and Canadian) authors. Previous literary reputation is not a factor.

2. The stories must be original, not translations or adaptations.

3. No limits are set as to length, but stories of from 4,000 to 7,000 words are preferable.

4. No particular type of story will be given preference.

5. A contestant may submit as many stories as he desires. Each story should be mailed to Harper's Magazine, accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with sufficient stamps for return. Each story should have on the manuscript the name and address of the author and the words "Short Story Contest."

6. The prize-winning stories will be published in Harper's Magazine, but all rights in such stories other than first serial rights will remain the property of the authors. The editors will be glad to negotiate for the purchase of stories not included among the prize-winners but deemed worthy of publication.

THE editors hope and expect that the 1924 Short Story Competitions will bring out new fiction writers of preeminent ability and launch them successfully on their careers.

¶ Among the American short-story writers whose distinguished work has appeared in the magazine have been Bret Harte, Stephen Crane, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, Owen Wister, Margaret Deland, James Lane Allen, Henry van Dyke, Henry James and Edith Wharton.

¶ Among those whose reputations the magazine has assisted in making during recent years have been Wilbur Daniel Steele, Katherine Fullerton Gerould, Sherwood Anderson, Charles Caldwell Dobie, Edwina Stanton Babcock, Rose Wilder Lane, Fleta Campbell Springer, and Mary Heaton Vorse.

HARPER'S welcomes the new. In its pages appeared the first stories of such widely different writers as Mark Twain and Sherwood Anderson. This competition is open both to writers of established reputation and to those who have never had work published before.

HARPER & BROTHERS, *Publishers of* HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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Make This Test

A Warm House When You Arise

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For healthy rest, sleep with windows open. But keep the rest of the house warm. Chamberlin Inside Door Bottoms enable you to admit fresh air to any part of the house, while sealing all other parts against drafts.

Try This Experiment

Open your bedroom windows. Close the door, then place your hand at the crack between the bottom of the door and floor. Note the draft of cold air which rushes through the crack into the hall.

Try this at the attic and basement as well. There will be a draft at each. It goes on all night from bedrooms, constantly from the basement, while warm air escapes to the unused attic. That is why bath and breakfast rooms are almost always cold in the morning. And that explains why the temperature remains too far below normal until 10 or 11 o'clock every day during the winter.

Men don't notice this much. They are away usually in a rush. But women and children do. They contract colds —suffer uselessly.

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We gladly furnish free estimates covering the cost of installing weather strips or inside door bottoms or both in your home. When installed they are guaranteed for the life of the building. Simply mail the coupon. It costs nothing to learn how low the price of early morning comfort and coal saving.

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I would like an estimate covering the cost of installing (check which) Chamberlin Inside Door Bottoms — Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips — In my Home — Office Building — Church — Number of Windows — Number of Doors.

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Address.....

City and State.....

Eng. Dept. X.

dont know. Im here to state one thing, though, an that is I dont need no hired Napolyuns to tell me who owes me money an who dont.

Of course they didnt pay me enough. Cause why? Cause they *couldnt*. If they could have the Tresury would have gone bust the first pay day on me alone.

Steepel Jacks that climb steepels gets 25 smackes per diem, as the lawyers say, cause their work is sposed to be dangerus. On that scale I ofen wonder what I would have drawed that day in the Bois de Forges wood when the bullets was playin "she loves me she loves me not" with the daisys right above my tin derby? And what do you spose me an Angus MacDonald was worth an hour the time we sat in the Chathoe (which is a kind of a French railroad station near Brillycourt) and listened to the Fritzes take the thing apart over our heads? An, Mable, I can remember times when, on a piece work basis, Ive peeled $500,000 worth of Govermint potatoes in one week without gettin it.

Wages for what we went through! Wages hell! (If youll excuse the expressun.) Do they think we're like those fellows Ceser used to hire whn he wantd to catch himself a new town? But thats history, Mable, which of course you wouldnt understand.

Of *course* I took what they handed me. Id have took all theyd give me if not more. As it was, by the time they got through takin deductions away from me my Vin Rooge allowance wouldnt have kep a Frenchman alive till his Petty-Dajunay (which is a French dish eaten right after breakfast). Just the same, Mable, Id have taken Rushin roobles if theyd handed em out. An so would the rest of the bunch.

When I first went down to trainin camp there was an old fat horse doctor that said I couldnt be a soldier cause I didnt have good feet. Quick as anything I says I knew they wasnt much to look at but I hadnt figgered that I was enterin em for no beauty contest. Fast with the comeback, thats me all over, Mable. An when I saw he looked kind of sheepish I says Id used em for twenty odd years (barrin a few months at the start) an they hadnt wore off yet. But it wasnt no use. I come near tastin my first blood that day.

An remember how, after that old pill-shooter had stamped the "I-C" on my dogs, it took me three months to butt my way into the army? It would be easyer for a camel to take a needle out of his eye as mister Shaksper said than it was for me to get permission to get my head blowed off in a uniform that was three sizes too big for me.

But I got *in*, didnt I. An I went to

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France. An I aint sorry. An theres a few others in the same boat. About two milyuns of em to be exack. *An they tell me the govermint owes me money!*

Why, Mable, do you spose if I saw a guy pushin a lot of wimmin an childern into the lake, an I was to give him a poke in the nose, that Id send em all a bill for $1.25 a year later? It makes me sore to have em act like this war was fought on a contrack basis. Its the only war I got an Id like to keep it decent.

Of course if Id been mussed up that would be differunt. Id have expected a lot from them then an Id have been the first to holler if I didnt get it. But from all I can make out theyre tryin to do their best for those fellows. I heard a man say theyd spent two billyuns on em already an that was just the beginnin. More strength to em, I say. An there aint a fellow what was really in the scrap an saw em go down that dont agree with me. If there is an I run into him hes liable to need a little help himself—an it wont be from the Bonus. Im for diggin down for that crowd till I strike rock—An then I feel ashamed cause I cant give no more.

An instead of that *they want me to hop on the band wagon an take a ride with em. Well they got another guess comin, thats all.*

The way it all looks to me is this. Either they owe us somethin or were lookin for charity. Now I know they dont owe me nothin. I didnt fight the war for the Govermint. I fought it for my *home* and my *country* and for *you,* if youll excuse me mentionin it. Nobody owes me nothin for that. Then it must be charity. Well I dont want no help just now. An as long as things is breakin right whats the use of goin round yellin for help. Keep that for the fellows what got knocked out—An as for them—well, Mable, I kind of feel it oughtnt to be our *duty* to take care of them. It ought to be our *privilige.*

No—when I get to be a dodderin old reck like your granfather, with Spanish moss hangin from my chin an my granchildern (if youll excuse my referin to em) sittin on my knee in regular order Im goin to tell em about the war if they like it or not. An when they ask me if I was in all the battels Im goin to raise my head as high as the lumbago lets me an say "Yes; all of em but one—the Battle of the Bonus. I had all the war I wanted before the 11 of Nov. 1918."

An thats that. Give my regards to your mother. An to the dog if hes with you. An to your father to for all I care.

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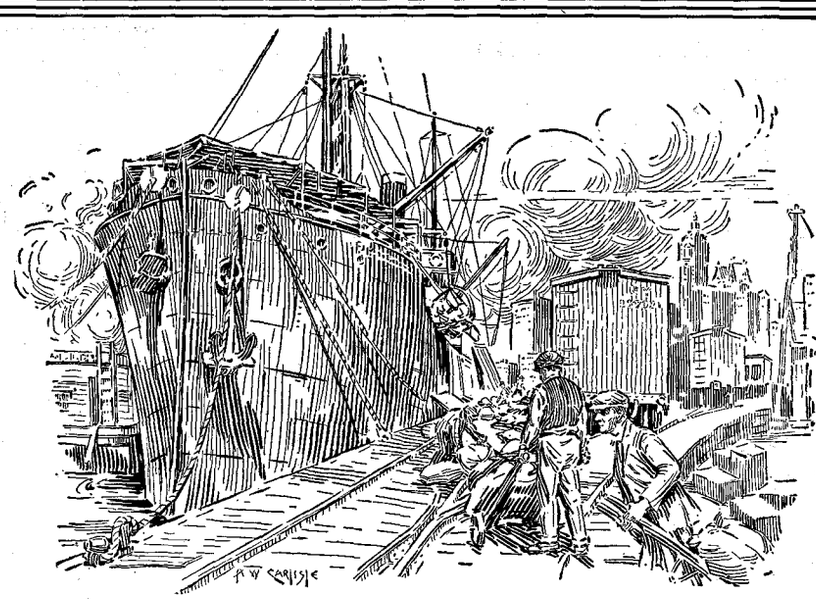
Financial Department

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Idle Funds

EVERY little while a letter comes to the Financial Department from some reader asking our opinion of the investment value of certain unimproved real estate. The real estate in question usually consists of lots offered by a concern which has bought a property, laid out streets (on a map, if not actually), and is trying to sell the lots into which the original tract has been subdivided. Customarily a small initial payment is all that is required, the balance to be paid in monthly installments.

We have certain definite opinions about a so-called investment of this sort. In the first place, we believe any person who buys any kind of real estate without having seen it is exceedingly foolish and foolhardy. Location—that is, the surroundings and the character of them—is what makes real estate valuable or not, and the buyer should satisfy himself on this point by personal inspection, and take no one else's word for it. If personal inspection cannot be made, all thought of buying may safely be put out of one's mind. In the second



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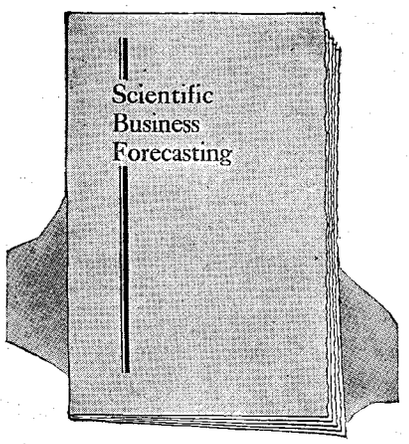

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place, unimproved real estate, unless the buyer wishes to have a site for a future home or some other equally sound reason, usually nets the purchaser a loss on his investment. Land, unused and unimproved, pays no dividends, but it does require its owner to pay taxes, and with every day that passes he is losing interest on the money he invested. Money so placed can therefore be included under the head of idle funds. And idle money is almost as bad as useless.

Some one may object that an investment in unimproved real estate may prove profitable if the property increases in value. So it may. It is also true that many large fortunes are founded upon unimproved real estate. In such cases the buyer has been shrewd, possessed of imagination and his share of luck, and also the profit has nearly always been made by his children or grandchildren, not by the buyer himself. If a man is in a position to tie up money and content to let the distant future bring the profits, well and good; but our point is that for the person of small means, needing all the income he can get, unimproved real estate is a very poor investment. Unless he has seen and inspected the property in question, it seems to us that such a purchase is also a very poor speculation.

For instance, if a lot costs $1,000 and there is no return on it, the loss in interest is $60 a year, and if the taxes amount to $20 that is $80 annually it costs to carry it. Suppose that at the end of five years the lot is sold at $1,400, an advance in price of forty per cent; the profit is not $400, as a first glance at the figures would seem to indicate, but the owner actually has lost money, for it has cost him $400 in interest and taxes for the five-year period, and if this amount be compounded, as it should be, the figure is higher still. No, unimproved real estate is not an investment for wage-earners, salary workers, widows, and orphans.

If money tied up in non-income-producing real estate is idle, does not the same description apply to funds invested in non-dividend-paying stocks or in bonds which pay no interest? Another illustration may emphasize the point. If, three years ago, you purchased 100 shares of stock at $30 a share and you sell to-day at 33, you apparently have a profit of $300. But wait a moment. A stock of $100 par value selling at a discount of seventy per cent is, on the face of things, not all it ought to be, and the probabilities are that it is not paying dividends. If this be so, you have had $3,000 tied up with no return on it for three years, and your loss of income,

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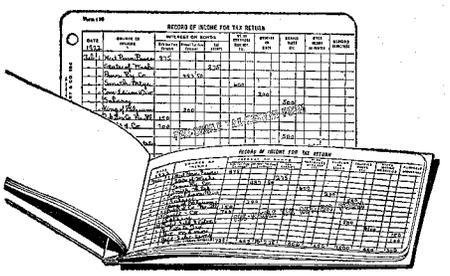

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figured at 6 per cent simple interest, is $180 a year, or $540 for the three years. You sold your shares for $300 more than you paid for them originally, but the net result of the transaction is not a profit, but a loss of $240. In other words, although the stock looked cheap to you at $30 a share, in reality it cost you $80 a year to own it, $6.66 a month—enough to pay the gas bill perhaps.

Low-priced securities always attract purchasers, particularly those with limited funds. Low-priced stocks look cheap, but looks are frequently deceiving. If a stock sells at a low price, there must be a reason for it, and the chances are that this reason is unsatisfactory earnings. Dividends are paid out of earnings, and if earnings are unsatisfactory dividends are very liable to disappear, and the owner of the stocks finds that his money is idle. Furthermore, the owner of a non-dividend-paying stock is the owner of a speculative stock, for a company not earning a sufficient amount to pay dividends is unsound.

As in the case of unimproved real estate, non-dividend-paying stocks have on occasion netted the purchaser handsome profits, but it seems to us it is only the big investor, the man with plenty of money, who can afford the luxury of this kind of idle money and the attendant risks. Stocks which do not pay dividends and bonds which pay no interest are not for the little fellow, however.

Every one knows stories of misers who hide their belongings under the floor, and put their money into an old stocking, and bury it in the back yard. They hide their money because they fear to lose it, and for the sake of what they consider safety are willing to keep their funds idle and forego any income return. One might say that they stress safety of principal to such an extent that they carry the proposition that the safer the principal the lower the yield to the very *n*th power. Perhaps their money is safe. The man who puts his money into non-income-yielding investments, however, is stressing neither income nor safety of principal, and the very fact that there is no income is a direct indication of weakness so far as the principal is concerned. One of the best evidences of worth in any investment is a consistent record of dividend or interest payments, and the average investor will find it difficult to discover any better criterion of value. It is safe to say that if all the money ever made in stocks and bonds could be traced to its source and accounted for, that part going to the possessors of standard dividend and interest paying stocks and bonds would exceed by many times the profits accruing to

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those who bought the kind which paid none at all, although they may have looked cheap, and may possibly have increased quite appreciably in price. In other words, money in income-producing securities is working, while that in the other kind is idle so far as the investor is concerned, and idleness is not noted for the pecuniary profit it pays.

Most people work so hard for the money they get that it seems almost wicked for them not to put the money to work for them. Money is one of the most willing workers in the world; it is bound by no limit of hours, belongs to no union, and is in no way restricted. It will work twenty-four hours every day, seven days every week, Sundays and holidays included, if only given the opportunity. The one thing that it has a right to expect, if it is to fulfill its full measure of usefulness, is that it be given decent employment. In the realm of investments this means good bonds, good stocks, and good improved real estate. An excellent method of assuring one's self of getting the right kind of investments is to buy only from good and reliable concerns. And by buying good investments from good people one largely does away with the danger of having idle funds on his hands.

Boy Bankers Teach Thrift

An Interview with Amzi N. Clark, Supervisor of School Banks in Greater New York

By DOROTHY W. HARRINGTON

TO-DAY the boys and girls in the New York schools are facing the world with fine fat bank accounts—so I learned from Mr. Amzi Clark, director of the school banks in Greater New York. Pennies and dimes, and even dollars, are filling the coffers of the junior banks, until—well, Jerome Jacobs left school last June with $100 to his credit, and Louis Goodman's account registered $1,000, and there are endless other examples of exceeding thrift. Needless to say, these boys and girls are not forced by necessity into that mad scramble for the first job in sight at the close of school in June. With the assurance that a bank account gives one, they feel that they may take time to view the field independently; they consider college or they take other special training to fit them for better jobs. In short, these boys and girls are not ruthlessly driven into that pitiful plight of becoming square pegs in round holes. They are not so readily found in that vast multitude of misfits.

Now Louis Goodman had always

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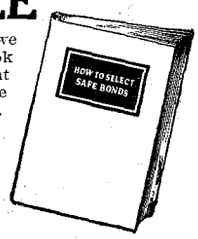

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dreamed of holding a good job in a New York bank. For two years he had served as "teller" in the junior bank at High School No. 159 and had a "first class" certificate for services rendered. When he approached a Brooklyn bank for a job last June, the President himself was so impressed with the boy's certificate and the valuable training he had received at the school bank that he offered him a good job with a good future, and a remarkably good salary for a boy just out of school.

"Of course it is not the aim of the school banks to train bankers," said Mr. Clark. "To teach business methods and thrift is their prime reason for being. We are getting farther and farther away from the "three R's" in education, and are trying to make our schools a cross-section of every-day life. Furthermore, we feel that training in thrift is fundamental for all Americans.

"We aim to have all of our school banks miniature banks, with the same officers and duties as the regular commercial banks. All offices are held by the boys and girls in the higher grades, and all the accounting and other transactions are carried on by them, under the final supervision of one of the teachers. These banks co-operate with the local banks, and when individual accounts reach the sum of $5 they are transferred to the local bank to receive interest, whereupon the pupil is given a regular bank-book from that bank.

"The American Bankers Association has been so impressed with the success of these school banks that they have aided substantially in developing the idea in all of the principal cities throughout the country. During the past year two and one-half million transactions have been handled by the child bankers in the New York schools. In the 377 school banks in Greater New York we have over 217,000 depositors, with aggregate savings of over $804,000 for 1923.

"The fourth annual report of School Savings Banking for the school year of 1922–3, gotten out by the American Bankers Association, shows an aggregate of 6,884 school banks in the United States, with a total bank balance of close to $12,000,000. This represents close to twelve million children depositors.

"As a result of these school banks, thousands of children throughout the country are leaving school each year familiar with the handling of bank-books, deposit and withdrawal slips. They have learned business methods, and have developed habits of saving instead of aimless spending.

"Furthermore, we feel that the school banks are a powerful factor in the Ameri-

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canization of our vast foreign population," Mr. Clark continued. "We teach the children American methods of banking. We teach them that the American banks are *safe* for *them*. They carry home this lesson to their parents, who have a profound respect for the schools, which, in their estimation, rank close to the church in authority. Finally, they too become depositors through the influence of their children, and swell the great number of thrifty American citizens."

Questions and Answers

Q. Will you please tell me if the Hudson and Manhattan First and Refunding 5 per cent Bonds, Series A, due 1957, are a good investment?

A. The bonds of this issue are considered to be entitled to a good investment rating. Earnings for a number of years have exceeded interest requirements by a margin sufficient to warrant this opinion, particularly as the time covered extends back to the period antedating the considerable increase in rates of fare granted this company by the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

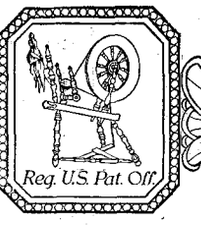
Q. Can you tell me the high and low prices for 1923 of the following stocks, and the present rate of dividend payments in dollars? American Telegraph and Telephone; American Tobacco; Bethlehem Steel; Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad; Great Northern preferred; Pennsylvania Railroad; New York Central; Standard Oil of New Jersey preferred; Union Pacific; United States Steel.

A.

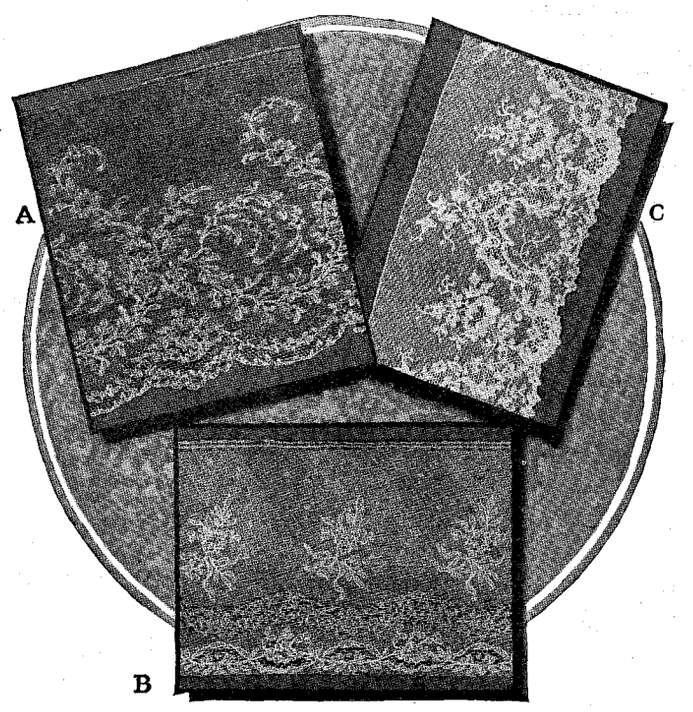
	1923 High	1923 Low	Dividend
American Tel. and Tel.	128¾	119⅛	$9
American Tobacco	161¾	140¼	12
Bethlehem Steel	70	41¾	5
Chicago, Milwaukee, & St. Paul	26⅝	11¼	None
Great Northern preferred	80	50⅝	5
Pennsylvania Railroad	47⅜	40⅞	3
New York Central	107¼	90½	7
Standard Oil of N. J. preferred	118¼	114¾	7
Union Pacific Railroad	144⅞	124½	10
United States Steel Corporation	109⅝	85½	5

Q. I have been told that business done on the New York Stock Exchange reflects the condition of business throughout the whole country. Can you tell me how the volume of business there this year compares with last year, and the year before?

A. Without entering into any discussion of your first sentence, we can answer the second. Bonds sold on the Stock Exchange January 1 to December 11, 1923, amounted to $2,620,979,448, compared with $3,983,232,000 for the corresponding period of 1922 and $3,256,635,000 in 1921. The falling off in 1923 is largely explained by the falling off in the sales of United States Government bonds, eight hundred million dollars less in 1923 than in 1922, and over a billion dollars less than in 1921; 219,217,083 shares of stock were sold on the New York Stock Exchange in 1923 to December 11, compared with 246,269,500 shares for the corresponding period in 1922 and 158,727,800 in 1921.



McCutcheon's



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POSITION desired as private secretary or traveling companion by experienced young woman. Episcopalian. References exchanged. Address Box 8, Princeton, N. J.

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GENTLEWOMAN, well qualified and recommended, will chaperon group of girls spending Easter vacation in New York. Interview. 4,673, Outlook.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

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WANTED, by woman of refinement, position as companion, housekeeper, or care of children. Free to travel. 4,684, Outlook.

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COLLEGE woman will care for children in a good Protestant home. 4,682, Outlook.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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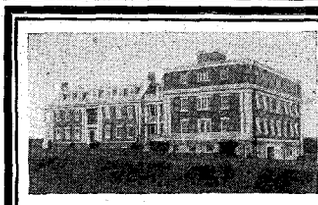

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By the Way

FOUR thousand four hundred children in Dallas, Texas, recently voted on their favorite books, each child submitting a list of the ten books it had enjoyed most. The ten books which headed the combined lists were, according to the New York "Times:" "Little Women," "Treasure Island," "Tom Sawyer," "Robinson Crusoe," "Huckleberry Finn," "Robin Hood," "Little Men," "Black Beauty," "Pollyanna," and "The Call of the Wild." No Southern author, unless Mark Twain be regarded as one, is included in the list, it will be noticed.

"No, indeed, thank you, I couldn't possibly." The words were spoken by a man to whom a tip had been offered for a slight service. He wanted work, but he couldn't bring himself to accept a tip from an equal. For he had once been a Captain in the Russian navy. Now he was at the Seaman's Church Institute in New York City hunting a job, as reported in the Institute's "Lookout." He was willing to work at unloading fruit ships, or as a watchman, or even at washing dishes. The Institute is trying to get him a job on a barge, where he will have a room to himself, with fair pay, and a prospect of being able to send for his wife on the other side.

Here is a good thought from Emerson for unhappy people who are prone to worry over the past:

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; you shall begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense.

In an account of a recent dinner in the Rheingold Hotel in Berlin a writer in the "Christian Century" describes two or three well-known figures as follows:

Here sits Professor Einstein, heading the table. A little worn in clothing and appearance. Professors do not buy clothing and nourishing food in Germany to-day. . . . Discoverer of relativity, advocate of sacrificial peace—he speaks the language of Goethe: "France and Germany must be friends."

Here sits Lehmann Russbild. He heads the league for human rights, in Germany. A gentle, deferential man save when he speaks of war and Ludendorff and the Ruhr. . . . He drinks no beer. It is likely that he cannot afford it. . . . Seedy clothing, but a thriving soul.

Here sits Frau Doktor Stocker. She has lofty ideas about love and marriage, women's rights and other things. . . . She edits a paper, sees that the children of Berlin are fed, knows the political world from roof to cellar . . . crusades for peace, loves her enemies and lives on five dollars a month.

Bishop K. is a very large man, a contributor to "Harper's Magazine" says. On a railway journey he found that there were no berths left except one which was not to be occupied till 3 A.M. He arranged with the porter to take this one till the man who held the reservation arrived. When the Bishop was called the sun was shining. "Your man did not get on, after all," he said to the porter. "Yes, sir, he did." "What did you do then?" the Bishop asked. "Why, boss, I just showed him your shoes and I says 'De man what wears dem shoes is sleepin' in your berth. If you wants to wake him you kin, but I ain't a-gwine to.' He a-settin' in de day coach."

In the Lost and Found column of a New York newspaper the following advertisement appeared recently:

ROOSTER—Found, Rhode Island Red rooster in basket at B. F. Keith's Hippodrome. Owner can have same by applying to Louis Torcat or Manager B. F. Keith's Hippodrome.

Imagine the consternation of the owner on arriving home without his basket! "Where *did* I leave the rooster? Oh, it must have been at the show! And he was so good! Never crowed once during the performance."

The Arkansas Legislature, it is announced, has selected Charles T. Davis of the "Arkansas Gazette," as the Poet Laureate of the State. Here is one of his poems recently published in the "Gazette:"

PORTRAIT IN FADED PASTELS

Of her all my rememberings
As faintly fragrant are
As frail old folds of faded lace
Laid long in lavender,
As poignant as the withered leaves
Of roses in a jar.

Across the years her singing voice
Echoes in cadenced rhyme
Like dim exotic temple bells
That beat a silver chime,
And still her beauty glows beneath
The patina of time.

So little have the long years left
That does not blend and blur—
White hands—gray eyes—and this is
My portraiture of her
Whose smile like light on lovely things
Made them the lovelier.

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